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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JACKSON AND HOYE FAN AT A GEORGETOWN GAME

There's such a thing as enjoying your work. But for Roger Jackson, writer of our college basketball roundups (this week's begins on page 51) during the second half of the current season, basketball is, in his words, "my passion." "I don't think obsession is too strong a word," says Senior Editor Larry Keith, who's in charge of college basketball and baseball. "We've had to make an agreement: After the last ball goes through the hoop at the end of the season, he can't talk to me about basketball unless I bring it up. Otherwise I don't think I'd ever get to baseball at all."

At St. Pius X Seminary in Galt, Calif., where he received his secondary-school education, Jackson was sports editor of the school's irregularly published newspaper. He had intended to go on to a major seminary and then into the priesthood, but this was California in 1970. He became concerned about some aspects of the church's position on the Vietnam War and troubled by the question of what his role should be, as a black, in this period of black activism. Upon graduation he decided to pursue another calling.

Jackson spent two years at Sacramento City College, where he was

sports editor of the *Pony Express*, then attended San Francisco State. There, as managing editor of the *Phoenix* in 1974, he coordinated coverage of elements of the Patty Hearst story—and the shooting of a professor in the hallway outside the *Phoenix* office. He also worked as a copyboy for two years at *The San Francisco Examiner* and after graduation from State interned at *The Sacramento Bee*. He came to SI in August 1976.

Jackson's story subjects have included basketball stars Michael Brooks of LaSalle, Lewis Lloyd of Drake, the McGee sisters and Cheryl Miller of USC and Quinton Dailey of the University of San Francisco. Last year he returned to his old Bay Area turf to research and co-author, with Senior Writer Bob

Boyle, our story on Dailey's assault on a USF nursing student and the school's subsequent decision to drop its basketball program.

It was on his present Manhattan turf—at St. John's Church, across the street from Madison Square Garden—that Jackson met Joan Becht five and a half years ago. Last June he proposed. They married in January, and though Jackson occasionally watches basketball telecasts on cable until 2 a.m., Joan doesn't mind. "It's always been 'Love me, love my basketball,' and I understand completely," she says. "He supports me in my work [with autistic adolescents] and I wouldn't deny him the pleasure he gets from his."

Their wedding, originally set for May, after the hoops season, was moved to Jan. 8. It finally took place on Jan. 2, but not because, as office rumor had it, Georgetown turned out to be playing St. John's at the Garden on the 8th. The honeymoon, of course, will wait at least until April.

Philip D. Howard

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BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

HERE'S A FIRST NOVEL, WHICH, DESPITE SOME SNAGS, IS QUITE A GOOD CATCH

If you're one of those who complain that novels aren't being written the way they used to be, or applaud that fact, here's another for your collection: *The River Why*, by David James Duncan. This novel about fishing the coastal rivers of Oregon for steelhead and salmon is very much free-form: it's also, by turns, hilarious, boring, incisive, windy, terse, purple, a pleasure and a pain. Another shifty thing about *The River Why* is that it's published by the Sierra Club (Random House, distributor, \$12.95). Everyone knows the Sierra Club doesn't publish novels; it publishes beautiful posters of sunrise on Mount Rainier to remind us

not to pollute the Hudson River. It published *The River Why* because it just happened to like the manuscript, which arrived on its doorstep by accident. That's the Sierra Club's story, anyway.

Duncan, 31, takes his protagonist, 20-year-old Gus Orviston, into the wilderness and along burgeoning streams with his fly rod, introducing him to Indians, hippies, a talking dog and a singing mouse, an alleged philosopher, several small boys, himself and, of course, a beautiful, nubile girl with whom he falls desperately in love. That's all the plot you're going to get from me, and there's precious little more from Duncan, for that matter.

Because *The River Why* is a serious work by a serious artist, pre-publication critics have decided that it's only superficially a book about fishing, just as *Don Quixote* is hardly a book about horseback riding or *Gulliver's Travels* a book about midgets; really, they say, *The River Why* is a search for The-Meaning-Of-It-All. This notion demeans Duncan's purpose.

He knows precisely what The-Meaning-Of-It-All is; he, too, has heard the words of that pungent pundit, Victor Herbert: "Ah, sweet mystery of Life, at last I've found you . . ." and he knows that The-Meaning-Of-It-All is a four-letter word. No, *The River Why* isn't a book about such a fruitless quest. It's a book about fishing, and you don't have to know the difference between a reel and a creel to appreciate its good qualities; indeed, it may help not to.

Among those qualities is Gus's description of the land "south of the Columbia and north of California" where "scores of wild green rivers come tumbling down out of the evergreen, ever-wet forests of the Coast Range. . . . They like to run fast through the woods, roaring and raising hell during rainstorms and runoffs. . . . But when they get within a few miles of the ocean they aren't so brash . . . just slip along in sullen silence as though they thought that if they snuck up on the Pacific softly enough it might not notice them, might not swallow them

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whole the way it usually does. "The description goes on for a half-dozen paragraphs of superb nature writing at the start of Book Two. Gus tells us, too, of his friendship and communication with a pair of steelhead smelts in his cabin aquarium in words that make you feel good that you have eyes to read. Of the time when he caught a trout in a filthy stream and released it in the Willamette: "... as its gills began to work, as it began to breathe the comparative purity of the river, as it sensed something of the vastness of its new home, it hung near the surface for a long instant, then darted forward, disappearing like a thought in the marbled green depths." Of meeting a man with "... weatherbeaten skin, rough clothes, bright green eyes, a kind smile; yet he had a last-apple-before-the-frost quality, as if he had an old dog that just died and his smile was to keep from crying." Yes, Duncan can write, and you can sense he's going to get better with time and practice.

It's his judgment or, rather, lapses in it

that get him into trouble. He enjoys occasionally pushing off a paragraph from the top of a phrase and watching it roll willy-nilly down the page, just to see how and where it will end up. Too often it ends in confusion and nowhere. Duncan needs discipline and, until he develops it, an editor; he doesn't supply the former and the Sierra Club didn't supply the latter.

Duncan burdens the start of his chapters with two, three, sometimes four quotations from Shakespeare, the Koran, Isaac Walton, Thoreau or various German, Greek and Indian poets and mystics. If he's trying to impress us with the breadth of his reading—which I doubt—it's pretentious; if he's giving us a hint of what's coming, it's unnecessary; if he's using them to say something he feels he's unable to say himself, he should screw up his courage and try.

Now we come to the part that led those pre-publication critics astray. Duncan allows Gus to speculate, at times of stress, on the condition and destination of his immortal soul. He allows Gus to be

improved by the dime-store mouthings of a self-anointed "philosopher" who's more faker than fakier; he indulges Gus far too long in the fearful writhing and hell of supposed unrequited affection; away from streamside, where Gus's expertise and admirable powers of observation don't come much into play, he allows Gus a general sapiness of thought and expression that is simply embarrassing. Only a portion of this can be excused on the ground that this mighty young fisherman has done little else but fish since he was three years old.

So what does this advisory add up to? Because *The River Why* is a first novel, you're being offered the opportunity, for a comparatively reasonable price, to be the first on your block to sample the talent of a new young voice in American fiction, a voice that catches and stutters a bit and occasionally runs away with itself, but one that speaks the language well. Take it. Like observing the spread of a beneficent new idea, watching a talent grow can be fun.

END



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THE NCAA'S OPTIONS

The war of words continues over Proposal 48, the NCAA's recently enacted measure to tighten up various academic eligibility requirements for Division I athletes. In our first look at the subject (SCORECARD, Jan. 24), we stated that the NCAA was right to attempt to cure academic abuses afflicting intercollegiate athletics, but we also expressed the hope that the organization would find a way to modify Proposal 48 so as to accommodate historically black colleges, which maintain that the measure would discriminate against black students. The most inflammatory expression of that view has come from the Rev. Jesse Jackson, the civil rights activist, who said in a speech in Baton Rouge, La. that the intent of Proposal 48 was to reduce the number of blacks in big-time college sports "because the bottom line is: White boys are inferior athletes to blacks."

The part of Proposal 48 that offended Jackson was the stipulation that, beginning in August 1986, incoming students must score at least 700 on their SATs (or 15 on their ACTs) to be eligible to compete as freshmen in Division I athletics. After his Baton Rouge speech, Jackson approached SI for the purpose of putting his remarks "in context." He said he meant that blacks are athletically superior to whites, "not innately but for cultural reasons"; and he conceded that while black students generally do less well on standardized tests than white students, Proposal 48 might not greatly reduce the total number of black athletes at major colleges; after all, many of the blacks who didn't qualify under the rule would presumably be replaced by blacks who did meet the requirements.

Jackson did say, however, that the standardized testing minimum would be unfair to "certain"—i.e., poor and rural—blacks, and in this he's no doubt right. There's strong evidence that cultural bias creeps into standardized tests and that this is why blacks tend to perform less well on them than whites. For this and other reasons, SATs alone are an unreliable way of predicting academic success. Minnesota Viking Wide Receiver Sammy White has told SI that his SAT score was less than 700, yet he graduated from Grambling and is now a substitute

high school teacher in Monroe, La. Conversely, Detroit Piston Center Bill Laimbeer, who says he scored a solid 1,100-plus on the SATs, flunked out of Notre Dame after his freshman year because "I got lazy and didn't go to class." After a year at Owens Tech in Toledo, Laimbeer returned to Notre Dame and earned a bachelor's degree in economics.

Another possible drawback to the use of standardized test scores is mentioned by Bradley University Athletic Director Ron Ferguson. Noting that the 700 SAT minimum would apply only to freshman eligibility, Ferguson predicts that a greater number of academically deficient athletes will simply attend junior colleges for a year and then move on to Division I schools. That route, of course, is littered with all too many academic-transcript scandals. And there's little doubt that major colleges would use jukes even more than they do already as a place to "stash" promising athletes.

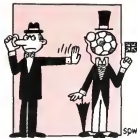
Imposition of the same academic standards on Grambling as on Harvard makes no sense; the objective should be to use test scores in combination with other criteria to ensure that admission requirements are the same for athletes and non-athletes within each school. If the NCAA wants to go beyond that, it could also take action to encourage higher standards once athletes are in college. For example, it could abolish athletic eligibility for all freshmen, thereby freeing them to concentrate on their classroom work during their first year on campus. It could also set grade-point standards that athletes would have to meet to remain eligible. Finally, it could legislate limitations on the time given to team meals, meetings, film sessions and practice, all of which cut deeply into athletes' studies. In its push to enact a standardized test-result requirement, the NCAA has spurned these other options, which would be both fairer and more effective.

SOUNDING OFF ABOUT THE SOUNDERS

In his three seasons as coach of the Seattle Sounders, Alan Hinton had a 58-38 record, won two division championships and took them to last season's Soccer Bowl, where they lost to the Cosmos 1-0. But the club reportedly lost \$4 million

during that same period and after it was sold last month, the first thing the new owners, businessmen Bruce Anderson and Jerry Horn, did was to give Hinton, an Englishman who favored a deliberate, ball-control style of play, the boot. Anderson, who was an NFL defensive end from 1966 to 1970, explained that he wanted the Sounders to adopt a more wide-open offense and use more American players. He also said that he objected to calling soccer fields "pitches" and players "lads." "Pitch is something I get on my hands when I remove the Christmas tree," he said. "Lad is something I call a dog."

Many NASL people were shocked by



the firing of a coach who had taken his team to the most recent league championship game. Seattle sportswriters and fans were especially critical of the manner in which the firing was handled; Anderson never announced it directly but offhandedly broke the news in response to a question at the press conference at which his purchase of the Sounders was announced.

Some observers also felt that Anderson's linguistic preferences, while perhaps understandable from a marketing point of view, went a little too far. One such critic was former Vancouver Whitecaps and current Canadian national coach Tony Walters, who was said to be in the running for the Sounders' coaching job, but has evidently taken himself out of consideration. As he put it in a recorded message he left on his telephone

continued

answering machine at home in West Vancouver, B.C.: "If you're a media lad checking on the Seattle Sounders rumor, the answer is a simple 'No.' This lad is not going there because I don't like the pitch, nor, I suspect, the new owner."

BACK TO BASICS

As documented in this magazine's recent report on the fitness boom/bust (SI, Feb. 7), U.S. schoolchildren are in generally poor physical condition. One explanation is that physical-education programs in the nation's schools tend to emphasize sports more than they do conditioning, an orientation that benefits gifted athletes to the detriment of the majority of children. What's clearly needed are phys ed programs that promote the fitness of all children.

A roundabout reminder of what such programs might accomplish came last week when the Denver-based Educational Commission of the States issued the latest in its federally financed biennial as-

sessments of reading, mathematics and science among U.S. schoolchildren. As in physical education, there has been a wide gap in achievement in those three disciplines between the best and the poorest students, yet the commission's study shows that the gap has narrowed considerably, thanks to "back-to-basics" programs that have improved the performance of "low-achieving" youngsters. To be sure, another reason for the narrowing of the gap is that the emphasis on basics has meanwhile lowered the performance of the high achievers. But a similar back-to-basics movement in physical education wouldn't necessarily have such an unwanted result: at the same time that the average students would be benefiting, the better athletes would still be able to develop their full potential in varsity sports.

But putting phys ed on the right track requires full appreciation of its importance—something that continues to be lacking. The fact that the Educational Commission of the States' study doesn't

extend to phys ed serves as a case in point. Indeed, there has been no federally funded standardized study of youth fitness since 1975. Lack of funds is generally given as the reason. The commission's latest assessment was underwritten by a \$3.88 million Education Department grant, and commission spokesman Wayne Martin says that the department and other potential sources of funding have balked at financing studies of youth fitness. "It's a great idea, and we'd love to do it," Martin says. "But no one wants to pay for it."

NO ROOM IN CAMP

The U.S. Football League, which launches its inaugural season in two weeks—will football never get here?—has scored repeated publicity coups with the high draft selections its teams have signed, including Southern Mississippi's Reggie Collier (Birmingham Stallions), SMU's Craig James (Washington Federals), North Carolina's Kelvin Bryant

continued

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(Philadelphia Stars), UCLA's Tom Ramsey (Los Angeles Express), and Ohio State's Tim Spencer and Grambling's Trumaine Johnson (both Chicago Blitz). The league has also earned high marks for a provision in its standard player contract that obligates teams to pay college tuition for players until they finish work toward their degrees. That benefit has had the desired effect of blunting criticism of the USFL for luring college players out of school during the middle of the academic year.

But the USFL has also suffered a black eye. After the league's founding last May, its teams busily stocked their rosters with free agents, most of whom signed non-guaranteed contracts in the expectation that they would at least get a chance to show their stuff in training camp. Considering the number of players signed on this basis—the Chicago Blitz have had 340 prospects under contract at one time or another—most of them obviously were playing a long shot. Still, few of the signees realized just how long the shot really was. In fact, many of them wound up being released by their teams before training camps began on Jan. 31.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* Sports Editor Frank Dolson suggested last week that the wholesale release of players before training camp was attributable in part to "growing pains of a new, less-than-major league whose members weren't sure last summer how many players they would be able to sign." Dolson quoted Stars General Manager Carl Peterson as saying, "I don't think anybody anticipated we'd sign this many draft picks." Peterson also said, "I never promised them they would go to camp." As Dolson further reported, however, some of the free agents were bitter over the fact that they'd rearranged their work and study schedules and toiled to get into top physical shape only to get the ax from the Stars before training camp began.

One of the jilted players, former Gettysburg College fullback Scott Dudak, was approached by the Stars, signed with them and was later asked to attend a minicamp of another USFL team, the New Jersey Generals. "I never went, because I thought I was obligated to the Stars," Dudak said. Dudak's coach at Gettysburg, Barry Streeter, said, "The kid just graduated from college in the spring. He figures he's got a shot. He does nothing but work out. It doesn't seem fair to me. I know he's a Division III player,

but if you don't want him, don't sign him. I feel bad for Scott as a person. I said to him, 'Shoot, you could've gotten a job, gotten a start on your career.'"

Another player cut by the Stars just before camp, former Penn Fullback Rick Beauvais, said he had been left with "an extremely sour taste about pro football." Last November Beauvais traveled from his Connecticut home to Philadelphia to take the necessary physical with the Stars. "I had to sign a waiver saying that if I got hurt, they weren't responsible," he said. "And I got no reimbursement for transportation. All I got was a T shirt."

The Stars' Peterson points out that Dudak and Beauvais did attend minicamps conducted by the team last fall, but he concedes that there were players signed by the Stars and other USFL teams who didn't even get that much of a look-see. Presumably, they are even less happy than Beauvais, who pointedly says he has no desire to wear his Stars T shirt.

THAT'S THE POINT

The Indianapolis Indians of the American Association are sending their season-ticket holders ballpark pens that some recipients might mistakenly think are defective. Each pen has both red and black push clips, but whichever one you push, it writes in black. But that's the whole idea. The Indians have turned a profit for 10 straight years, quite an achievement for a minor league team, and Publicity Director Cal Barleson figured it would be a good idea to send the people most responsible for that record souvenir pens that write only in black ink.

CLARIFYING THE DISTINCTIONS

Mickey Mantle took a job last week as a glad-hander for an Atlantic City casino—and was promptly barred by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn from continuing as a spring-training batting instructor for the Yankees. In so acting, Kuhn was following the precedent he established in 1979 in purging Willie Mays, who had to give up his duties as a part-time coach with the Mets because he had taken a promotional job with an Atlantic City casino. Then, as now, Kuhn confined his ruling to the question of casino employment. No action has been taken, for example, against the many ballplayers who participate in golf tournaments sponsored by casinos.

This isn't the only fine distinction Kuhn has drawn in discharging his duty to protect the game's integrity. At least two club owners, the Yankees' George Steinbrenner and the Pirates' John Galbreath, are currently involved in the ownership and management of racetracks, which are as much in the business of legalized gambling as casinos are, and Kuhn has done quite a bit of line-drawing in dealing with that situation, too. We would like to bring you up to date on matters as they now stand, but be forewarned that it does get complicated.

In 1980 Kuhn intimated that Steinbrenner, the principal owner of Tampa Bay Downs, and Galbreath, board chairman and part owner of Churchill Downs, could retain their racetrack affiliations because neither of them had "full" ownership. At another point during roughly that same period, however, Kuhn ruled that they could do so because they didn't actually "operate" the tracks. In recent months Kuhn has been invoking an altogether different rule, one that, according to an aide, he instituted in late 1980 but didn't bother to announce publicly, even though it presumably superseded the two previously mentioned stipulations, which had been made public. At any rate, Kuhn now says that owners can no longer own interests in racetracks but that Steinbrenner and Galbreath are in the clear, not because of anything to do with the degree of their ownership or operational involvement, understand, but because they were already active in racing before he instituted his policy. For reasons best known to himself, Kuhn chose not to give baseball people involved with casinos the benefit of such a "grandfather" clause.

Nobody has ever accused Kuhn of making the commissioner's job look easy.

THEY SAID IT

• Von Hayes, who was traded recently by the Indians to the Phillies, on the team banquets his new club holds for its fans: "I'm not used to being funny and cracking jokes like everyone else is doing. In Cleveland we took our banquets seriously and saved the jokes for our games."

• Peter Ueberroth, president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, when asked by an East German official if the Olympic villages at the '84 Games would be equipped with saunas: "All of L.A. is a sauna." **END**

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They're SECond To None

Top to bottom, Kentucky to Alabama, Southeastern Conference teams can claim more good players and greater balance than any other league in the land **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

It wasn't weird enough that Mississippi had won four conference games on the road and shot 76.3% from the field in one of them. Mississippi? Or that for almost a month Georgia had been the most solid, stable, disciplined team in the league. Georgia? Or that at one time or another old reliable Tennessee had been 0-for-Saturdays; street-slick Alabama had beaten UCLA at UCLA but couldn't beat Mississippi State at Starkville; and Kentucky, the proud, king-daddy-of-them-all Kentucky Wildcats, had been booed with true-blue.

bluegrass boos right there in Lexington. The coach and the players. Boos?

What seemed most outrageously bizarre was that on Sunday, Feb. 6, at the halfway point of the 1982-83 Southeastern Conference basketball season, six schools, most of whom you would not have recognized without their football cleats, were tied for first place with records of 6-4 (see chart, page 20) and that one of them was Auburn.

Auburn? And that the Auburn star, quite possibly the most amazing, dynamic and fun-to-watch collegian in all the land, happens to be a humongously plump sophomore who has learned to answer to a variety of monikers, including Fatboy, Breadtruck and Amama, in hostile arenas. Charles Barkley, all 6'6", 272 pounds of him (before breakfast, snack, lunch, snack, supper, snack, dinner, snack, dessert, snack and midnight munchies, by which time he might be up around 400), plays the game like Porky Pig gone berserk on a trampoline.

And if anyone in the SEC environs took a break from the annual prayer meditations over the signing of high school

football players last week—in the deep South what it is football, still—he might have noticed that the conference's basketball race had taken some more improbable turns toward chaos. At Auburn last Saturday, before the Crisco Kid could tear down a single backboard with one of his refrigerator slams or add to his hefty career statistics against Kentucky, Barkley was thrown out of the game, exactly 113 seconds after it started, for deliberately swatting Wildcat Charles Hurt's head from behind.

Barkley's blow was a retaliatory gesture that came after Hurt, no shrinking violet himself, had knocked Barkley to the floor on Auburn's first possession and then, moments later, had viciously body-blocked him down the side of the lane and all the way into the end-zone press-table. But Referee Paul Galvan, one of the best, saw only the Tiger's paw. Barkley's belt hurt Auburn more than it hurt Hurt. Kentucky went on to win the game



Sanderson may have to look toward Mecca for a solution to 'Bama's ills.

71-69 as Wildcat Center Melvin Turpin, whom Barkley routinely eats for lunch along with his four pizzas, scored 25 points. That game may turn out to be the most significant in this conference season. Because Tennessee, Vanderbilt and Mississippi all lost on the road, by late Saturday Kentucky stood alone at the top of the SEC with an 8-4 record, while the above losing trio dropped to 7-5 and Auburn to 6-5. If Barkley, the Wildcat-whipper, had stayed in the game, according to the house line, Auburn would have won going away, and there would have been the usual virtual five-way tie for first. Oh, Pancho. Oh, Crisco.

This new party doesn't necessarily mean the best basketball is played in the SEC, only the most competitive. Just now the league appears not to have any North Carolinas or

continued

Soaring and soaring, Minniefield helped Kentucky to a sweet 88-67 victory over Mississippi State.

Indiana, contenders for the national championship, and its top two teams—whoever they may be—might lose to the strongest pair from a handful of other conferences. But below that, don't come messing with the SEC.

At week's end, SEC teams had won 81 and lost just 18 against non-conference opponents, and every SEC club except LSU had won a holiday tournament. Moreover, Jeff Sagarin, the computer wizard from Bloomington, Ind. who punches scores and schedules into his terminal to come up with a ranking that is biased by neither geography nor media hype, recently had nine, count 'em, nine, of the 10 SEC teams in his Top 30.

For sure, the Southeast's middle-rung schools would blow out the third or fourth place teams from anywhere else. The trouble is, the SEC has been so closely bunched for so many weeks that it would be difficult to find the middle rung. But last place? Forget it. Alabama has been there almost all year. The Tide, which last week won only its third game in league competition, was once ranked seventh nationally by SI at the same time it ranked 10th in the SEC, where it yet remains. At home in the cozy SEC one night, 'Bama fell behind Vanderbilt by 23 points; away from home, the Crimson Tide has defeated Penn State, Southern Cal and Georgetown (by 21 points), in addition to UCLA. The last three of those games were played in Los Angeles. 'Bama Coach Wimp Sanderson has not scotched the rumor that he will relocate his team out west and call it UALC, the University of Alabama at La Cienega.

The reasons for this vast shift of roundball power in a conference in which only 15 years ago Mississippi announced that Head Basketball Coach Eddie Crawford was being "promoted" to assistant football coach are few and rather obvious: big money, good coaches and black players.

After years of Kentucky white rule, the SEC began to change in the mid-'60s. Athletic directors realized that meaningful revenues could be enjoyed from a basketball program if a school had a sizable place to play. Tennessee was the first to build an arena to rival Kentucky's Memorial Coliseum, and Georgia, Alabama, LSU and the two Mississippi schools soon followed. Now everybody has the big tent. After Kentucky escalated the



Kentucky beat Auburn because the Turpin-Barkley matchup barely got off the ground.

building war and moved into the 23,000-seat Rupp Arena, in 1976, Tennessee began planning a 25,000-seater, or at least a building one seat bigger than Kentucky's.

If bigger wasn't automatically better, blacker certainly was. In 1966-67 Vanderbilt broke the league's color line with Perry Wallace. Two years later an Alabama athletic director named Bear Bryant hired little-known C.M. Newton out of tiny Transylvania College, a few

blocks away from Rupp Arena, to coach basketball at Tusculoosa. Newton immediately recruited a stream of talented black players, and soon all those quality athletes from the South, the "home boys" who had gone off to the Big Ten and the Missouri Valley and the WAC, or had opted for smaller local black schools, were integrating SEC lineups. On current SEC starting teams, 42 of the 50 players are black. And what a fertile re-

crating terribly the SEC is. The state of Georgia, for example, furnished Louisville with two-fifths of its starting national championship team in 1980 in Derek Smith and Wiley (One Thumb) Brown, and this season four different Georgians are playing key roles on SEC teams outside Georgia: Dale Ellis at Tennessee, Jeff Malone at Mississippi State, Odell Monteller at Auburn and Kenny (Sky) Walker at Kentucky.

In recent years the SEC has become not only a "black" league but a "coach's" league. The conference boasts five head men who are veterans of the Final Four: Kentucky's Joe B. Hall and Florida's Norm Sloan (while at N.C. State) each won a national championship, Georgia's Hugh Durham (while at Florida State) and Mississippi's Lee Hunt (while an assistant at Memphis State and UCLA) had runner-up teams, and Dale Brown's LSU club was fourth in 1981. Then there's Mississippi State's Bob Boyd, who spent so many years chasing UCLA while at Southern Cal that he qualifies for sniffing rights to the NCAA title.

"I'm not into building cases for one league over another," says Boyd, "but in the Pac-8 and Pac-10 there were a couple of places you'd go and know you were going to win. A lock. In this conference you're never sure, not even at home. The Kentucky mystique is gone. Everybody's saying, 'What's wrong with Kentucky?' The only thing wrong is there's a bunch of teams in the SEC just as good."

This conference preseason started normally enough, with nobody being as good as Kentucky. Though the polls didn't show it, through much of December the Wildcats were No. 1 in the world, loose, happy and confident despite the continuing absence of the ill-fated 7' 1" Center Sam Bowie, who is now zeroing in on Evel Knievel in the most-plaster cast-sworn department. But at Indiana on Dec. 22 the Wildcats became tentative and got roughed up. Suddenly the bloom was off the rose.

Waiting into SEC competition, Kentucky's seniors Derrick Hord and Dirk Minnickfield fell into slumps, and the team became dependent on Turpin. Meanwhile, the wondrous freshman, Walker, lingered on the pines while Hall went into his annual tiff with the media over his substitutions and his verbal whiplashing of players. In a stretch of



DeVoe thinks his lucky cravat is the tie that binds the Volunteers and gets the likes of Ellis out of knotty situations.

seven games Kentucky lost four and barely survived to win two others in overtime; over a span of 17 minutes encompassing parts of two games, the Wildcats were outscored 32-4 and Hall called no time-outs. "The difference is enthusiasm," Minnickfield said. "We don't have it. Sometimes we tighten up from him [Hall] getting hard on us."

Hall has one of the toughest jobs in the sport. When Auburn beat Kentucky 75-67 in Rupp Arena on Jan. 15, some nice folks in the crowd chanted "We want a coach." It's little wonder the team so closely reflects its mentor's personality. Hall called the Cats "yellow" and "gutless" to their faces. That was before a victory. After Turpin scored 42 points at Tennessee in a game Kentucky still managed to lose—Hall is 1-10, career, at Knoxville—one coach said of Hall, "I'd have to take pinks to get that uptight."

The Kentucky problems have surfaced

continued



virtually parallel with those of another established SEC power, the enigma, Alabama. Out of conference, relaxed and with nothing to lose, the Tide is an entertaining gang of street-ball aficionados, with Ennis Whitley, the point-guard prince, at the controls. Though a shock to some, Alabama's 70-67 victory over UCLA was really made to order, the Bruins being a no-defense, seather-shot, semiselfish crew that played into "Bama's quick hands. "Don't let Whitley get the ball," UCLA Coach Larry Farmer kept yelling to his troops. Totally, I sure. Hah. Back in the SEC, they get after Whitley with muscle, forcing him to over-penetrates and to initiate too much, and then pound the Tide's no-depth finesse fore-

to the pros this season, far less than he may be missing them. Georgia won six of seven SEC games even as Durham was whining about a brutal 18-game conference schedule that demands total concentration and intensity every time out. "Look at North Carolina playing Citadel and Furman one weekend," Durham said. "They took the week off. Just took it off. We can't do that in this league." Well, some Dawgs must have. Through last week Georgia had lost three in a row and had fallen to 6-6 in the league.

• Vanderbilt, Mississippi and Mississippi State, where the individual efforts of Phil Cox, Carlos Clark and Malone, respectively, have been the hallmarks of surprisingly successful seasons. Cox is a

vel who averaged more than 31 points in January while shooting 55.0%. He's extraordinary at sliding open off picks. The Kentucky man-to-man held him to eight-of-23 shooting in the Wildcats' 88-67 victory early last week, but he and his team recovered on Saturday at home against Tennessee; Malone outscored Ellis 28 to 21 as Mississippi State won 75-66. Through last week State was 13-8 (6-6 in the SEC) after going 9-19 (4-14) last season. Pro scouts say if Malone isn't the first big guard selected in the NBA draft, another SEC player, LSU's Howard Carter, will be.

• And Tennessee. Always Tennessee. The Big Orange. The elegant Ellis. The dangerous Don DeVoe, Tennessee's

THE PRETENDERS ARE IN LEAGUE WITH THE CONTENDERS

As weekly standings show, as many as six teams have been tied for first, and only LSU and Alabama haven't been there at all

WEEK 1 (through Jan. 8)	WEEK 2 (through Jan. 15)	WEEK 3 (through Jan. 22)	WEEK 4 (through Jan. 29)	WEEK 5 (through Feb. 5)	WEEK 6 (through Feb. 12)
ALBURN 2-1	ALBURN 3-1	KENTUCKY 5-2	GEORGIA 5-3	GEORGIA 6-4	KENTUCKY 8-4
FLORIDA 2-1	KENTUCKY 3-2	ALBURN 4-2	ALBURN 5-3	OLE MISS 6-4	TENNESSEE 7-5
KENTUCKY 2-1	MISS. ST. 3-2	VANDERBILT 4-3	KENTUCKY 5-3	TENNESSEE 6-4	VANDERBILT 7-5
OLE MISS 2-1	VANDERBILT 3-2	FLORIDA 3-3	OLE MISS 5-3	AUBURN 6-4	OLE MISS 7-5
MISS. ST. 2-1	FLORIDA 2-2	OLE MISS 3-3	VANDERBILT 5-3	KENTUCKY 6-4	AUBURN 6-5
TENNESSEE 1-1	TENNESSEE 2-2	TENNESSEE 3-3	MISS. ST. 4-4	VANDERBILT 6-4	GEORGIA 6-6
ALABAMA 1-2	GEORGIA 2-2	GEORGIA 3-3	TENNESSEE 4-4	MISS. ST. 5-5	MISS. ST. 6-6
VANDERBILT 1-2	LSU 2-3	MISS. ST. 3-4	FLORIDA 3-5	LSU 4-6	LSU 5-7
LSU 1-2	OLE MISS 2-3	LSU 2-4	ALABAMA 2-6	FLORIDA 3-7	FLORIDA 4-7
GEORGIA 0-2	ALABAMA 1-4	ALABAMA 2-5	LSU 2-6	ALABAMA 2-8	ALABAMA 3-9

court to dust. 'Bama has lost five SEC games by four points or fewer.

The question hovering over the Crimson Tide concerns character. Whitley, Bobby Lee Hurt and Buck Johnson all committed to other schools before they signed on at Tuscaloosa. Now there is talk that Whitley, only a sophomore, wants out for the NBA draft. As is his wont, Sanderson bows his head and grimaces, which is about the way his team plays. "I think we might have been overrated," he says, grimacing and bowing. Stay tuned for more. The Woes of Wimp.

The SEC having returned 36 of its 50 regulars from last season, all it took was the slightest lapse by the favorites and here came the rest of the cavalry:

• Georgia, where Durham has done his most innovative coaching and where the Dawgs are missing the mad leper, Dominique Wilkins, who jumped all the way

5'11" sophomore from Harlan County, Ky., who, despite breaking all the high school scoring records of Kentucky's (and Harlan County's) legendary Wah Wah Jones, was snubbed by the Wildcats before being snapped up by the Commodores. Newton, who moved from his head coaching job at Alabama to become assistant commissioner of the SEC and then on to Nashville, has guided Vandy to shocking road victories at Alabama and at Tennessee, and Cox, a 14.5-point-a-game scorer through last weekend, led the nation in free-throw percentage at .956. Clark, a 6'4" lefthander, has had a featured role in Ole Miss's tenacious zone press, which Hunt resurrected from his ball sessions at UCLA with John Wooden. But Carlos (19.2 points per game) is a terror on offense, as well. Hunt calls him "Marques Johnson in miniature." Then there's Malone, a 6'4" mar-

coach. He says Kentucky should win the SEC. He says Kentucky will win it. But DeVoe himself may be the negating factor in that equation when his team challenges the Wildcats again in Lexington on the last Sunday in February. DeVoe already has uncharacteristically imbibed his own Volunteers—"Seventh-graders can shoot better free throws than this team," he has said. "I've never had a team where a guy won't show some leadership, go up there and perform the job at the line"—but that's what the SEC will do to a guy. After the Vols won three in a row DeVoe said he would continue to wear a red tie. Red with orange? "I've never worn orange in my life," he said. "I'm not that superstitious."

No such restraint will ever infect the wandering mind of a former DeVoe assistant (at Virginia Tech), Sonny Smith, who for five years now has been the de-



At 26.7 a game, Mississippi State's Malone hasn't backed into the SEC scoring lead.

static teammates as the Mound left the game, merely said, "It was my time to guard Barkley. We at Kentucky never set out to do that kind of thing."

Following the incident, the Tigers, especially freshman Forward Chuck Person (17 points, 10 rebounds), worked feverishly to give Auburn a 35-28 halftime lead. But, without Barkley's gargantuan frame blocking his path, Turpin soon had easy sailing through the keys. After Kentucky won the game on the rejuvenated Hord's 18-foot jump shot at the buzzer, Turpin said of Barkley, "I started feeling sorry for the kid, but yeah, I was happy to see the kid go." The kid?

Across the hall Barkley held court for the press while obviously contemplating an approaching repeat. Should you have been disqualified? "Yeah, I told the ref, 'Good call.' I lost control for a few seconds. I deserved to be thrown out," he said. Were you set up? "More like made a fool of," Barkley said. What do you do now, go for the burgers or the Moon Pies? "Sure," Barkley said.

Hey, a kid's got to eat.

END

lightly quotable, homespun coach at Auburn, Smith says he wants Barkley on the "Sonny diet—if it tastes good, spit it out." He says he wants Barkley playing at 250 pounds, "but I don't think he's ever been there." He says Barkley sometimes is called "Porkley" on the road. "Then they yell, 'Hey, Porkley, why don't you send Sonny out for some egg rolls,'" Smith says. "Damn, I'll buy up the whole A&P if Charles'll go get me 35 ever" night with maybe 15 bounds."

The Round Mound of Rebound would be just another media-inspired sobriquet with no basis in truth were it not for the fact that Barkley actually ballooned up to 305 pounds during the National Sports Festival last summer. "Chocolate chips," he says. Still, he's a magnificent athlete—"our aeronautical wonder," says teammate Bryon Henson—a leaping, pin-pointing hippo of a child who at week's end was third in the SEC in rebounding and was second in the entire NCAA in field-goal percentage (.667).

He has always been especially effective against Kentucky. Before last Saturday Barkley had gotten 70 points and 49 rebounds (to Turpin's 38 and 20) in four games against the Wildcats—griva for Smith's suspicions that either the Wildcats or Charles Hurt himself had plotted the Round Mound's premature dismissal.

Hall would not comment on the charge, and Hurt, who, strangely, had never covered Barkley in the past but was high-fived and congratulated by his co-



Commodore Cox, here driving, is the nation's top foul shooter with a 95.6% mark.



The jab Hagler used in the early rounds set up the hook that later helped finish Sibson.

Another Small Step Toward Greatness

It has long been Marvelous Marvin Hagler's lament that he labors in the suburbs of greatness, while fighters of lesser merit bask in metropolitan limelight. So when ring announcer Nuno Cam neglected to introduce Hagler, the world's undisputed middleweight champion, before his bout last Friday in Worcester, Mass. with England's Tony Sibson, Hagler took it in stride. As he'd pointed out a few days before the fight, "If Sibson wins, he'll go home a national hero. If I win, I'll just go home."

Hagler's hometown, Brockton, Mass., is itself a suburb, of Boston, and is about 50 miles from Worcester, but for seven weeks before the fight his home was the Provincetown Inn at the tip of Cape Cod, which afforded him the solitude to train his magnificent body and develop a hatred for his opponent.

"He's got a big mouth," Hagler snarled, venting his self-induced fury at his shy and quiet challenger. "This is the last of the cocky Irishmen [sic]. The British people want nothing more than to take him home a hero. They've led him on, and they've led him to destruction. But he's courageous. That's good. I won't have to look for him."

Sibson, 24, was mystified at the outburst. "I don't know where he got that from, unless he's just using it to psych himself up," Sibson said. "All I've said was that I'm excited about fighting him because I think he's the best middleweight, probably since Sugar Ray Robinson. And I say that even though Carlos Monzon was my boyhood idol."

When the fight was stopped at 2:40 of the sixth, after Hagler had pummeled Sibson to the deck twice in the round, Hagler, in an interview with HBO's Larry Merchant, suggested that he was the greatest middleweight of all time.

"Others would have to sit in judgment on that," Merchant said.

Marvelous Marvin Hagler squashed Tony Sibson and showed why he's one of history's best middleweights

by PAT PUTNAM

"Well, at least the greatest since Monzon," Hagler said, backing off a bit farther than necessary.

Since winning the championship from Britain's Alan Minter on Sept. 27, 1980, Hagler has, in just six defenses, stormed his way past the best of his contemporaries in a dismally weak division. It's hard for a man asking to be compared with the likes of Robinson and Mickey Walker and Harry Greb to offer opponents like Mustafa Hamsho and Fulgencio Obelmejias as a yardstick by which to measure his talents. Not that Hagler can be faulted for ruling a division of mediocrities. It's the same problem WBC heavyweight champion Larry Holmes is faced with. But at least Hagler has world-caliber challengers on the horizon: Thomas Hearns, the WBC super-welterweight champ, and the man Hearns beat for that crown, Wilfred Benitez.

Certainly Hagler already can be rated among the 10 best middleweight champions ever, and he's improving with every fight. His punching power rates with the all-time best, and he's a textbook boxer: He never drops his guard and never loses his head, and he's always in position to punch. And he has never been knocked out; indeed, it's doubtful that any middleweight in history could have KO'd him, except possibly Stanley Ketchel or Bob Fitzsimmons.

But no matter how great the fighter, there is always a way to beat him. Against Hagler, perhaps there are two: the busy and skilled infighting of, say, a Jake LaMotta or a Dick Tiger, or the moving and jabbing of a Robinson. A truly mobile fighter, one with skill, would give Hagler all he could handle.

Seven who certainly had the style and ability, on a good night, to beat Hagler were Fitzsimmons, Robinson, Walker, Greb, Ketchel, Tiger and LaMotta. Others who could have made things interesting: Emile Griffith, Monzon, Fred Apostoli, Ken Overlin and Marcel Cerdan. Gene Fullmer, rugged and tough, though erratic, could have offered Hagler a hard night's work. England's Randy Turpin would have made it interesting—for six or seven rounds.

Which is more than Sibson, who came

in with a 47-3-1 record as the WBC's No. 1 contender, could do. The Englishman is about as devious as a hungry bear making for a honey tree, and such men are made to order for a moving, slashing sharpshooter like the champion. The fight became a magnificent exhibition of Hagler's impressive, even frightening, skills.

In the first few rounds Hagler, a lefty, established a punishing jab. And he mystified Sibson by switching from southpaw to an orthodox stance and back even more than usual. "I couldn't find him for the first two rounds," Sibson said later. "I figured I'd find him sooner or later, but I never did. I asked myself, 'Where did he go?' But I know he was there because he kept hitting me."

In the third round, under orders from his corner, Sibson tried to trade jabs, but Hagler had begun throwing combinations, digging hooks to the body and overhand rights to the head.

In the fifth round Sibson, who had never been cut before, had his face split like a melon. There was a large gash over his left eye, a smaller one over his right. Blood dripped from his nose and mouth. In the sixth Hagler stiffened Sibson's legs with a straight left and then dropped him with a right hook and a left off the top of his head. Sibson took a standing eight count from referee Carlos Padilla, then turned away from his corner and pulled down his trunks.

"Good Lord," said Mickey Duff, the British promoter who was working in Sibson's corner. "I thought, 'What's he showing us his arse for?' Then we realized he was trying to tell us he had split his protective cup. We sent someone to the dressing room to get another."

It wasn't needed. Sensing it was time to take his \$1.1 million and go home, Hagler moved in and put Sibson on the deck again with three straight right



The simple fact was, Hagler beat the pants off Sibson.

hands. He looked like a man hammering a large stake into the floor. Shaking his head, Sibson, who received \$557,000, pulled out his mouthpiece and regained his feet. Blood was pouring down his face. Padilla took one look and told Sibson to take the rest of the night off.

Some may say the result was predictable because Sibson, upon his arrival in Worcester 10 days before the bout, had announced he wouldn't spar. "I'm too damn friendly," he said. "I can't bring myself to hurt little people."

But Sibson could have sparred from now to doomsday and the result wouldn't have been different. "I never believed anyone could do to me what he did," Sibson said the morning after the fight. The boyish grin was still there, but above it now were ugly lumps and the 17 stitches that had been needed to close the cuts. "After the fight I had a couple of Cokes and then looked into the mirror. I said, 'God almighty!' I didn't know fighters could look like this. That Hagler is an artist in there."

In a chill Irish drizzle last Saturday afternoon, in the horsey little town of Newbridge, 30 miles from Dublin on the road to Limerick, a senior officer of the Gardai Síochána, Ireland's police force, stood at the door of the single-story police station and said with sincerity, "I would love to think that Shergar is still alive." This was Detective Chief Superintendent Jim Murphy, looking startled-



Suddenly A Horse Was Gone

Kidnappers stole off with the famed Shergar to the anguish of all Ireland

by CLIVE GAMMON

ly like a gracefully aged Dick Tracy, right down to his gray fedora with a black band. Murphy was clearly speaking not just as a cop but as an Irishman.

Four nights earlier, the magnificent 5-year-old stallion Shergar had been kidnapped, and the Irish felt demeaned and outraged. In 1981 Shergar, then owned by the Aga Khan, had gained fame by winning the 201st English Derby in the fastest time in the history of the race and had reportedly prompted a U.S.-based syndicate to bid a record \$40 million for him. Ultimately he was kept in Europe

and went to stud at Ballymany, the Aga Khan's farm near Newbridge, last year. He was scheduled, within days, to begin his second season at stud.

The state of desperation of the Irish police assigned to solve the Shergar case was such that even as Murphy was speaking 30 cops were beating the bushes, so to speak, near the villages of Tynagh and Killimor, in the far west county of Galway. They were there on the advice of two English clairvoyants, who had announced that the horse would be found in that area. "Possibly," the seers had

added mysteriously, "in a ruined abbey."

No one, outside of a Dick Francis thriller, had ever kidnapped an important thoroughbred stallion before, and at first the whole scenario seemed to indicate that this was the work of a careful reader of *Blood Sport*, a novel Francis wrote in 1967, which featured a similar snatch. "Hope they didn't get the idea from me," Francis, a former jockey, said somewhat apprehensively when the news broke.

As the week went on, the Shergar story would take on another dimension, as if Damon Runyon were collaborating with



The Ballymany gate is now closed, but a bit too late, for Shergar (left), who figured to make \$5 million at stud this year, is missing.

Francis, but the start was pure Francis. At about 8:30 p.m. on Tuesday, Feb. 8, five or six armed men burst into the home of Jim Fitzgerald, the 55-year-old head groom at Ballymany. He was held at gunpoint while his wife and five children were locked in another room. Then Fitzgerald was forced to load Shergar into a horse trailer. Security was minimal at the farm and where the farm drive opened onto the Dublin-Limerick road, there was an unlocked gate. The horse trailer may have headed west, while the blindfolded Fitzgerald was driven around the

countryside for perhaps four hours. Eventually he was released some 30 miles from his home. He was then able to phone his boss, Farm Manager Ghislain Drion, a Frenchman, who alerted the world to the crime in the early hours of Wednesday morning.

That same day, Drion received a ransom demand of almost \$3 million, seemingly a handsome sum until you reflect on Shergar's real value, established in 1981 in classic races in England and Ireland. For some, indeed, the abiding memory of Shergar's racing career was not his English Derby win but his triumph in the Irish Derby at The Curragh track, less than a mile from Ballymany, where he'd also been foaled. In the 1½-mile Irish race, Lester Piggott, the veteran jockey who is England's equivalent to Willie Shoemaker, almost disdainfully eased back on Shergar in the last quarter-mile, allowing the colt to canter home by four lengths.

When it came to syndication time, all the signs were that Shergar would be

U.S.-bound. But the Aga Khan, who is rich enough to indulge his sentiments, did not want the horse to go overseas. So he settled for a comparatively modest \$15 million for the 34 syndicate shares in Shergar that went on the market. The Aga Khan kept six more shares for himself and stipulated that the colt stand at his own stud farm. So Shergar headed home for Ballymany, where last year he showed a very high fertility rate, impregnating (at \$68,000 a cover) 42 of 44 mares. Just a week before the kidnapping, the first of his progeny was foaled, a colt out of Hilo Girl, who's owned by the U.S. millionaire Bert Firestone. The colt is now under heavy guard at Giltown Stud Farm, about 10 miles from Ballymany. This week Shergar was to embark on his 1983 schedule of 55 mares. For nonsyndicate members, his stud fee this year would be \$93,000, and his potential earnings close to \$5 million. The bloodstock industry puts roughly \$135 million a year in foreign currency into Ireland's embattled economy, and Shergar's share is a not unworthy contribution.

If you drive west from Newbridge and crest the hill that leads away from Ballymany, you're suddenly confronted with a lovely panorama of rolling land. This is The Curragh of Kildare, the heartland of Irish horsebreeding, where the grass grows out of limey soil, rich in the calcium that builds equine bone. That soil, plus the traditional expertise of Irish horsemen, is what causes the world's wealthiest horse owners, the Robert Sangsters, the Bert Firestones and the Aga Khans, to buy and sell in Ireland, and to ship in their mares to be bred.

Once the raw shock of Shergar's abduction had been digested, the Irish began ruefully to assess the wider damage that could follow, in particular a flight from the country of foreign money if horse owners from Japan to the U.S.

continued



Murphy, the Irish Dick Tracy, instructed the police to look in every barn in the land



SHERGAR continued

should take fright. On Saturday, at the Leopardstown racetrack near Dublin, former International Olympic Committee President Lord Killam summed up Ireland's anxiety with passionate language. "For God's sake," he declared, "I implore everyone in this island to keep a lookout . . . in the name of Irish racing

and of our image in this world." That same evening the Aga Khan, who was in Sardinia, spoke ominously on Irish TV of the "blow to the Irish economy" that the crime represented.

Financial matters aside, once the news broke in Ireland there began an outpouring of conjecture. Was this a simple criminal act to extort money, or was there Irish Republican Army involvement? Rich men attract enemies; was it plain envy and malice? Like everything else in the Shergar case, at week's end these questions remained unanswered. The IRA made no comment about the kidnapping, and it seemed an unlikely candidate. In a nation of horse lovers, snatching Shergar would be as counterproductive an action as one could imagine. On the other hand, who else in Ireland could carry off such a smooth operation?

The most important question was, of course, where was the stallion hidden? There were two schools of thought: The horse was either still very close to The Curragh or over the border in Northern Ireland. In either case, the pundits were saying, the gang would have its problems. In his racing days, Shergar had the reputation of being an easygoing horse, but no stallion is entirely that, and well nourished and coming up to the mating season, it was suggested, he might be on a sort of sexual high.

On Thursday morning *The Sun*, a

Oaksey was one of the three journalists called to Belfast by purported kidnappers.

Kidnappers may—or may not—have made a ransom call to Judy and Jeremy Maxwell.

London tabloid, announced that Peter Camping, its veteran racing writer, had been contacted via intermediaries by a man who claimed to be one of the kidnappers. Camping was told to proceed to the Europa-Forum Hotel in Belfast, Northern Ireland, where further instructions would be given. There were, it turned out, two other journalist invitees, Lord John Oaksey of *The Daily Telegraph* of London, and Derek Thompson of Thames Television. It appeared to be the moment of truth. In fact, it turned out to be a moment of farce.

The threesome took off from London's Heathrow Airport in a departure as private as Saturday night in Piccadilly Circus. Not surprisingly, the journalists were joined at the Europa-Forum by a gaggle of colleagues—"eagle-eyed, hard-drinking, would-be Pulitzer Prize winners" was Oaksey's unkind description—who later would give the three journalists an unusual experience, that of being hunted by a pack of journalists.

The promised phone call from the supposed kidnapper did come through, and Thompson answered it in the hotel lobby with TV cameras and other newsmen in close attendance. Thompson's side of the conversation was overheard by millions on TV, and then the three journalists were smuggled out of a rear entrance of the hotel and into a waiting automobile. But the press pack was soon on their tail as they headed 30 miles south from Belfast to the stables of Trauncilly, County Down, whence they had been directed by the mystery caller.

Maxwell and his wife, Judy, it turned out, had already been called by the self-described kidnapper, who was now using the code name of Arkle. (Arkle was a great Irish jumping horse in the 1960s.) The Maxwell home rapidly filled with police and reporters. The evening produced another phone call, however, and a weird one it was. The ransom had been reduced to a mere 40,000 Irish pounds (about \$56,000), said Arkle.

On Friday, Oaksey was ready to admit that he had been taken for a ride by a hoaxer. A "razzmatazz, idiotic media caper" was how he saw it. The hoax went on the next day. This time, however, the call was more sinister. "Something has gone dreadfully wrong," a voice said to

continued



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Judy Maxwell on Friday morning. "The horse is dead." Early that morning, the BBC had been called with the same message, though that caller had specified that Shergar had received a serious eye injury in the stall where he was being kept and had had to be put down.

It seemed for a while that tragedy had overtaken farce, and a front-page Dublin *Evening Herald* headline on Friday said SHERGAR IS DEAD—GANG. That the newspaper, a sensationalist sheet, chose to lead its front page with a Shergar story rather than with a horrific London multiple-murder case that had just broken, gives some idea of the importance of the kidnapping to the Irish.

The odds were, however, that these phone calls were just more cruel hoaxes. Meantime, there was a growing sense in the country that the public was not being told the whole truth. On Saturday Murphy looked dispirited, as if somehow things had passed out of the hands of the police. It had been noticeable that no pressure had been put on Fitzgerald for a description of the kidnappers. "Jim," Murphy said, "had a terrible fright," so police were taking it easy with him.



After Shergar's George VI stakes victory, the Queen congratulated the Aga Khan.

It wasn't until Monday that the Gardai issued a description of any kidnappers. One was said to have a Northern Irish accent, another was built like a jockey. Meantime, in the *Irish Independent*, an anonymous member of the stable staff cast doubt on early descriptions of the events of Tuesday night. The kidnappers, the man said, needed no assistance from

Fitzgerald to find Shergar's stall. They knew their way around Ballymany.

The police, moreover, seemed to have little control over communications in and out of Ballymany; they weren't, for instance, monitoring the farm's phone lines. On Sunday, Murphy, for the first time, appealed to the kidnappers, saying, "There are strong indications that Shergar is dead. I ask the men responsible to produce evidence that this is not so." Because there was, as far as the public knew, no information one way or the other on the horse's condition, it was very possible Murphy's remark was one calculated merely to provoke a response from the kidnappers.

Significantly, Murphy also said on the weekend, in reference to the Aga Khan, "His Highness is a very reasonable and intelligent man. It will be very risky, dangerous and foolish to negotiate any deal."

By Monday, however, *The Irish Times*, a paper not given to sensationalism, reported that an undercover deal was being set up between syndicate members and kidnappers, involving a "reward" of one million Irish punts (\$1.4 million). Semantics can be juggled—as between "ransom" and "reward," for instance—and, presuming Shergar was still alive, there was a strong whiff of negotiation in the air.

In the meantime, it was as if one had bought a new Dick Francis novel and found the last chapter to be blank pages. However, Francis always contrives a happy ending, and millions of Irishmen were hoping, indeed praying, that the next few days would see a happy ending to the Shergar story, too.



Shergar galloped home an easy 10-length winner in the 1981 English Derby at Epsom.

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A Man Who Gets All The Breaks

Dick Steadman, the chief physician to the U.S. Ski Team, restores bent and beaten limbs to mint condition **by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON**

They are the *crème de la crème* of the best Alpine ski-racing team that the U.S. has ever produced, but every one of them must be classified, quite literally, as being among the walking wounded of sport. Had their wounds occurred not so many years ago, they'd be limping along among the also-rans and the never-starters of world-class skiing. Their number includes the best American male ski racer of all time, Phil Mahre, who has won two straight overall World Cup titles and leads the standings again this year. Their company also includes the second-best male U.S. ski racer, Phil's twin, Steve, who won a gold medal in the 1982

Fédération Internationale de Ski world championship giant slalom and finished third in the overall World Cup totals last year. Other members of the club are Tamara McKinney, currently second in the overall women's World Cup competition, Christin Cooper (two silver medals and a bronze in the 1982 FIS worlds) and Cindy Nelson (a silver at the '82 worlds), not to mention most of the rest of the U.S. women racers.

All of these skiers have been so badly hurt at one time or another in the past five years that orthopedic surgeon J. Richard Steadman is able to say with authority, "If injuries of the type these kids

have suffered had happened in the 1950s to people like Stein Eriksen or Toni Sailer, they would have been out of top-level ski racing for life."

No one knows better than Steadman what has been required to put injured U.S. skiers back on the slopes. Since 1976, when he became the chief physician of the U.S. Ski Team, Steadman has treated, through surgery and/or rehabilitative exercise, no fewer than 63 serious injuries suffered by 31 members of the team. They have been, in effect, reborn on his operating table. As Hank Tauber, who brought Steadman aboard when he was director of the team, says, "His suc-





physical exercise following even the most traumatic surgery, once thought to be radical, is now commonly considered a key to quick recovery. Dr. Robert Kerlan, founder of Los Angeles' Southwestern Orthopedic Medical Group, who has treated many famous athletes himself, says, "I consider Steadman definitely in the top group of surgeons in the U.S. His pioneering in immediate post-operative rehabilitation has been extremely important to highly skilled athletes whose livelihood might depend on the quickest possible recovery."

Most physicians who reach the top of their profession tend to practice in major population centers. Not Steadman. He is tucked away in remote South Lake Ta-

Cooper was fifth in the overall World Cup standings when a knee injury sent her to Steadman, who operated and had her on her feet—and a black box—two days later.



hoes record is absolutely unprecedented. When he's in Europe, people from other teams ask his advice on the hill. They all know who he is. And, believe me, he knows he's good, too. He told Steve Mahre after his last knee surgery, "Now I've really put a gold-medal knee together for you." Dick meant it and, more important, Steve believed it."

Steadman's reputation in his profession is also first-class. He's known for his knee surgery and for his ability to correct the most ruinous fractures with open reduction surgery, which reinforces bad breaks with metal plates and screws. And his prescription of immediate, controlled

hoe, Calif. (pop. 20,681). The place is more than an hour by car from Reno, the nearest city of any size. Says Steadman, "Living in Tahoe sets up a natural screening mechanism that brings in what you might call really dedicated patients, because coming here is difficult."

It wasn't all that easy for Steadman to get there himself. He spent most of his boyhood in Sherman, Texas and wound up moving around and about—to Berlin, for example, in the late 1940s—after his mother was remarried to an Air Force man. Steadman finished high school in the little town of Fairborn, Ohio, where he starred at football, basketball and golf, as well as at scholarship. He'd known for years that he wanted to be a doctor, largely because of the influence of two M.D. uncles who greatly impressed him. At graduation he found himself with a choice of three vastly dissimilar colleges: Harvard, the University of Michigan and Texas A&M. He chose Aggeland.

Why? Bear Bryant. Says Steadman, "I had met Coach Bryant when he was on a recruiting sweep through Ohio. I really wasn't a very good player, but he made me feel great. I was indoctrinated for two years in the atmosphere that Bryant created: 'Suck it up and hit 'em hard.' It made the rest of my life different."

Steadman, 6' 3" and 220 pounds, was a 195-pound tackle at A&M, and in those days Bryant staged one-on-one "challenges" between his marginal players to see who would make the traveling squad. Steadman managed to fight his way onto the 36-man squad as a sophomore. But Bryant-type football took its toll: Steadman was nailed with a D in a course in comparative anatomy, a grade that could have kept him out of medical school. He agonized over the conflict between football and medicine, stayed on the team through spring practice in his sophomore year and was told by Bryant that he would certainly be playing a lot the following fall.

"That was a terrific team," Steadman recalls. "We were picked to be No. 1. I had a terrible time making up my mind. I spent the whole summer agonizing, then I wrote Coach Bryant a letter in August and said that I just was not willing to risk my career as a doctor. I quit the team.

continued

Well, he wrote back and he said that he respected my decision. He said that he hoped maybe someday I would take care of him when I got to be a doctor."

After medical school in Dallas, Steadman interned at Charity Hospital in New Orleans, was drafted for Army service in Germany—where he got hooked on skiing—and then returned to New Orleans for a four-year residency in orthopedics, which he finished in 1970. At a professional conference in Colorado he had met an orthopedist named Paul Fry, a vibrant redhead who had a practice near Lake Tahoe. Fry invited Steadman to visit California; they liked each other, and they agreed to practice as partners. That was the genesis of an orthopedic clinic that today has five doctors. Steadman lives two miles from the clinic in a splendid glass-fronted house on the shores of the lake with his wife, Gay, a talented expressionist painter. Weather permitting, he rides to his office—and to his operations—on a bike. Of practicing orthopedics in the far reaches of the Sierra Nevada, he says, "There was tremendous activity from the start when there were only the two of us. We practically had a night-and-day practice with all the injuries from the ski areas."

The first couple of years, Fry and Steadman dealt mainly with broken bones on an emergency basis. Today, Steadman says, "We all tend to specialize in different kinds of orthopedics. My own practice is 80 to 85 percent involved with knees. I do from eight to 12 knee operations every week. I've narrowed my practice enormously. I wouldn't do an appendectomy at this point. I don't regret narrowing my specialties, not at all. I'm able to maintain a high educational level in the areas I've chosen. Most of what I've learned about athletic injuries isn't from medical school, it's from experience."

Obviously, no single source has offered more in terms of high-grade experience than the U.S. team. As Steadman says ruefully, "We have had the opportunity—fortunately or unfortunately—to do a lot of work on the knees, ankles and legs of first-class athletes. Skiing produces more joint injuries than almost any sport has—possibly—football. When you're skiing at a high speed at the abso-

lute edge of your control, as these kids are, you get hurt when you fall."

Have U.S. skiers suffered more serious injuries than those on other national teams? After a pause, Steadman says, "No, I don't think our ratio is much higher. However, we might have suffered more injuries to our best people. Also,

operations he performs are done on far more ordinary mortals. "The growth of our clinic's practice is a direct result of the fitness boom," he says. "Most of the people I operate on are undergoing corrective surgery by choice, not necessity. They like to jog or play tennis or participate in some active recreational sport, and they have decided that rather than adjust an active life-style to fit a bad knee, they will repair the knee to fit the life-style."

Of course, the repair of injuries to World Cup-level ski racers isn't a mere matter of life-style but of livelihood. Being sidelined costs money—tens or even hundreds of thousands of dollars for each skier.

Steadman's most celebrated piece of surgical recycling was his work on Phil Mahre's shattered left ankle. The injury was freakish in the extreme. Mahre skied into a giant-slam gate during a World Cup race on the Lake Placid Olympic course late in February 1979. There was nothing spectacular about the accident, but he was in extreme pain, when he was taken to a local hospital for X rays, doctors and technicians were surprised by what they saw. Bones were shattered and broken as if they had undergone tremendous impact. Three days later, after Phil had been flown to California, Steadman cut the ankle open, and he could scarcely keep from exclaiming at the mess he found. Because Phil had elected to have a spinal anesthetic and was awake on the operating table, Steadman saved his explosives for later. The operation itself, which was the subject of much media attention during the 1980 Olympics, mainly involved placing an intricate and super-strong fixation device in the joint that included seven screws and a metal plate.

Steadman had warned Mahre that it was most unlikely that he would be back skiing at world-class level in less than 11 months. Nevertheless, the day after surgery the doctor had him doing exercises involving his good ankle, all other parts of his body and the freshly repaired ankle. Phil then moved into Steadman's home, which is open to all injured ski-team people. By the time he returned to his home in Yakima, Wash. two weeks later, Mahre was able to ride a stationary bike for 30 min-



The Steadmans both get a lift from living in Tahoe.

because we have less depth than other teams, we probably have more pressure to recycle people, to get them back out there sooner and in better shape."

The "recycling" of American ski racers has become Steadman's major professional preoccupation—although obviously the vast majority of all the knee op-

utes, using both legs. Eight weeks after the operation, Phil had recovered 80% of flexibility in the shattered ankle. Five months after the operation he was skiing. Three months later, on Dec. 8, 1979, at the first World Cup event of the season, he finished 14th in the giant slalom, 29th in the downhill and got a first-place in the combined. And in February of '80 he won a silver medal in the Olympic slalom, a bit more than 11 months after his ankle was pulverized.

Nearly as amazing was the rehabilitation performance of Steve Mahre last year. Because of his fervent commitment to the joys of motorcycle riding, his knee injuries pre-date his world-class skiing days. In December, 1981, as the World Cup season began in France, both of Steve's knees kicked up, causing him trouble on turns. When Steve came back to the U.S. at Christmas, Steadman did arthroscopic surgery on both knees, taking out cartilage, and adjusting synovial plica, the bands of thickened tissue that line the joint behind the kneecaps—this despite the fact that the FIS world championships were less than five weeks away. "I knew he had a capacity for excellent recovery," says Steadman. "So I wasn't too concerned that he would be ready." Steve was very ready, winning that historic FIS gold, the first ever for an American male.

That wasn't the list of Steve's knee problems. Steadman recalls with a smile, "About three weeks after he won the medal he was back in the States and he was playing basketball when his left knee locked. He flew to Tahoe, and I did another arthroscopy. He stayed with me two days doing exercise, then went back to Europe. I guess it was maybe 10 days after I had operated when someone said to me, 'Hey, did you hear that Steve won a race today in Czechoslovakia?' That was the biggest surprise I've ever had with these kids."

Over the years, Steadman has had plenty of opportunities to be surprised by various members of the U.S. team. For the record: Nelson, 27, has had three knee operations—two arthroscopic, one open—plus surgery on a fracture and ligaments of her left ankle, yet she had her best season in 1982 with a silver in the FIS downhill. Cooper badly broke an ankle skiing in South America in 1978, and required surgery by Steadman, she was back scoring in the Top 10 within 10 weeks. Last season she got those three

FIS medals and finished third in the overall World Cup standings. She was coming on strong again this year when, on Jan. 28 at Les Diablerets, Switzerland, she severely injured her left knee and broke her tibia in a freakish way—so badly that Steadman had to graft a bit of bone from her hip to it. Last week, immediately after the operation, the doctor had her using a passive-motion machine to bend and straighten her knee, and two days later she was hobbling about on crutches, her recovery speeded by the use

and, like Steadman, pay their own travel expenses, which are tax deductible as contributions to the team.

Steadman is now planning to start an organization called the Sport Performance Orthopedic Research and Training Foundation. (The acronym is S.P.O.R.T., what else?) Among other things, Steadman would like to see S.P.O.R.T. develop a brace that would prevent, or at least reduce, the number of knee injuries in skiing. "Maybe we could come up with something that ski racers



Steadman examines Steve Mahre while his most famous patient, Phil Mahre, looks on.

of a trans-cutaneous muscle stimulator, a little black box that sends small electric charges through four electrodes attached to the muscles of her thigh. Cooper is out for the season but, typical of Steadman's patients, is planning to compete again next year. McKinney dislocated a kneecap in 1981, an injury Steadman treated without surgery; she won the World Cup giant-slam title that year. Holly Flanders, who finished a very impressive second in World Cup downhill racing for 1982, had both kneecaps rearranged and some cartilage removed last spring.

To keep the record straight, it should be pointed out that though Steadman is the No. 1 ski team doctor, there are others. Steadman administers a program in which a pool of about 30 other orthopedic physicians is available so that, whenever the team is on the road, there will always be at least one American doctor on hand. These physicians are volunteers

would be required to wear, like the helmet in the downhill," he says hopefully.

At 45, Steadman is at the top of his profession, yet he's a relatively modest man. "You have to make it clear that I haven't done this by myself," he says. "There are orthopedic surgeons everywhere in the country, and we share with each other any new techniques or ideas we come across. There's terrific interplay in the profession and I benefit from it all the time." However, not everything can be shared because not everything can be graphically explained. As Steadman says, "Quick mobilization is a great way to get people back on their feet, but there's a thin line between doing too much too soon and doing exactly the right amount of exercise to accelerate the rehabilitative process. There's as much art as there is science in it."

And to the U.S. Ski Team, Steadman is the master artist.

END

When seven prominent college underclassmen dealt themselves into last June's NBA draft, it was a cinch that one of them would become this season's Rookie of the Year. Considering that the 1982 seniors were a lackluster group, the younger players were clearly the cream. And it was also a good bet that the No. 1 pick—whichever of the underclassmen he turned out to be—would not win the award. No top draft pick had done so since Milwaukee's Kareem Abdul-Jabbar—Lew Alcindor then—in the 1969-70 season.

Sorry, James Worthy, but at the All-Star break of the 1982-83 season, history is repeating itself. He's having a year to match his name, and only an idiot would say the Los Angeles Lakers erred in making him the draft's No. 1 choice, but the smart money has the San Diego Clippers' Terry Cummings, the No. 2 pick, way out front in the rookie race and perhaps even the Indiana Pacers' Clark Kellogg ahead of Worthy. Not that he's doing poorly, but he had the bad/good—and unprecedented—luck to be drafted by a championship team. Cummings and Kellogg, like most top rookies over the years, were chosen by tail-end clubs that needed them as starters right away. So, the fact that Worthy's getting only 25.3 minutes of court time a game as a sub for the world champion Lakers is working against him. So, too, is the fact that Cummings and Kellogg may be just as good or better players than he is. Just who is the best won't be known for a couple of years, but two things are certain now. All three of these players are fast rising stars, and should Worthy become a No. 1 pick who isn't the No. 1 rookie, he'll be in fast company. Bill Walton, to name another notable top choice, didn't make Rookie of the Year, either, nor did Magic Johnson or Mark Aguirre.

Aguirre was the first selection in 1981, going to the struggling Dallas Mavericks

Cummings has driven himself to achieve a 20-point, 10-rebound per game average.

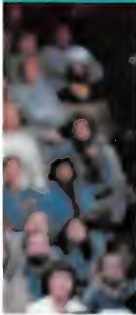




Terry Cummings is preeminent among a trio of NBA rookies who graduated early to the pros and have more than made the grade

by BRUCE NEWMAN

At The Head Of His Class



in the second year of their existence. Although he averaged 18.7 points a game, he was overshadowed by another May rookie, Jay Vincent, the 24th pick in the draft who averaged 21.4 points a game, and New Jersey's Buck Williams, who was selected as Rookie of the Year. That may have hurt Aguirre's pride, but it certainly didn't damage his game. He's now a star in Dallas' playoff drive; through week's end he was averaging 25.1 ppg, fifth in the NBA.

So hang in there, James. That you could be one of the best players to come into the NBA in the last decade and still finish third in the rookie voting isn't as preposterous as it sounds. "When you're talking strictly about Rookie of the Year," says Indiana Coach Jack McKinney, "potential shouldn't count. It should be based on production and the impact a player makes on his team. But if you are talking about potential, Worthy could be the league MVP some day. Let me put it this way. If I had to choose one player to build a team around from among those three, I'd be happy to have third pick."

The other classy undergrads—Chicago's Quintin Dailey, Detroit's Cliff Livingston, Kansas City's LaSalle Thompson and Atlanta's Dominique Wilkins—are close to the big three in skill but lag

behind them in court sense, which means they're not yet mature enough to perform well night in, night out at the pro level. Cummings, Kellogg and Worthy can all play both the big and small forward positions, and all complement their finesse games with hard work on the boards. In fact, as of last week Cummings and Kellogg were among only four NBA players averaging 20 or more points and 10 or more rebounds a game. The other two are Moses Malone and Larry Bird. Kellogg is probably the most versatile rookie and Worthy the quickest, but Cummings has the most charismatic game.

There was a time when it looked as if Cummings, like Aguirre a product of DePaul, might not play in the NBA this season. The Clippers, under the bizarre ownership of Donald Sterling, had become such a laughingstock—they held their training camp at a naval base, with players doing their own laundry—that Cummings and his agent, Tom Collins, insisted on a mere one-year contract so Cummings might be able to change teams after this season. It wasn't until a week into the schedule that a four-year deal was worked out and Cummings finally joined the Clippers. Coaches consider the training-camp period and exhibition games vital to a rookie's development, so naturally all Cummings had done through last week was score 23.0 points per game (12th in the league) and grab an average of 10.3 rebounds (12th best).

Cummings scored 19 points against Milwaukee in his first pro game, and it has been smooth sailing ever since, with one unnervingly dramatic exception. During the third period of a game with the Utah Jazz on Dec. 15, Cummings suddenly fainted; he did a genuine *Gone with the Wind*-type swoon right out there on the court. It was determined that he passed out because of an iron deficiency in his diet. A few iron tablets corrected that, and Cummings has been keeping his strength up since then by eating up the league's top forwards.

Cummings is a sinewy 6' 9", 220

continued

pounds, and though there was some concern at first that he might not be able to contain smaller, more mobile forwards, he has made his size work in his favor. "When I play a small forward," he says, "I have to keep my body on him all the time. Hit him, wear him down. But on the other end, with a small forward shaking me, I've got him. He's mine."

Cummings grew up on the South Side of Chicago, the fifth of 13 children, in circumstances so mean his mother had to sell Girl Scout cookies to keep the wolf from the door. For a long time he dreamed about becoming the first black professional hockey player, a sort of ebony Stan Mikita, the Chicago Black Hawk who was his boyhood idol. Then, when Cummings was 14, he sprouted up so

rapidly, putting on 5½ inches and gaining 56 pounds, he was sometimes unable to go to parties because he didn't have shoes that fit. Subsequent winters found the erstwhile hockey fan playing hoops on a mixture of packed snow and sand, sometimes as long as seven hours a day.

For all his muscle, Cummings has shown he's more than just a power player. "He's really surprised me with his ballhandling," says Clipper Coach Paul Silas. "If we have problems bringing the ball up, we just clear the way and let Terry do it."

Cummings is the only ordained Pentecostal minister playing in the NBA, and no doubt one of the very few players who spend their free time studying the Bible and preaching the gospel. "A lot of great

players don't have any motivation," he says. "I do. I want people to see the Christ in me."

He has also adapted to his team much faster than most rookies, particularly those in position to become instant high scorers. The pivotal game in this process was played in Dallas on Dec. 11. Cummings decided to find out if the Clippers' plays really worked and whether he'd still get his share of shots if he ran them religiously. "When I first came to San Diego I was going one-on-one all the time," he says. "Then I began to struggle with the question of when I should take my man and when I should pass off. I feel if I can't be honest with myself and be honest with God, then I can't be honest with anybody." At the end of the first half in Dallas, he had scored only three points, but Cummings remained patient. "It takes something to do that," he says, "because at that point I was saying to myself, 'I don't know if this is going to work.' But it did. We moved the ball, and I learned I can stay within the offense and still get my shots." In the third period he scored 10 points and got 10 rebounds, and he has patiently been trying to stay within Silas' scattershot patterns ever since.

Though Cummings hasn't been able to transform the Clippers, who have been last in the Pacific Division all season, into instant winners, with him they are only a couple of good players away from being a real force in the division, especially now that Center Bill Walton seems once again to be healthy and is playing every game. But even with San Diego's future looking good, Cummings finds it a struggle to abide the present. "They talk about winning here," he said early this season, "but they talk it with their mouths and not with their hearts. They got to get their hearts pumping positive." But if the Clippers can't get them pumping positive, they should at least get them pumping iron. Cummings proved that last month when he went back to Utah, remained conscious for the entire game and laid a 27-point, 24-rebound number on the Jazz as the Clippers won 122-115 in overtime. It was clearly his best performance yet.

Cummings has been such a virtuoso this season that Kellogg, who quit Ohio

continued



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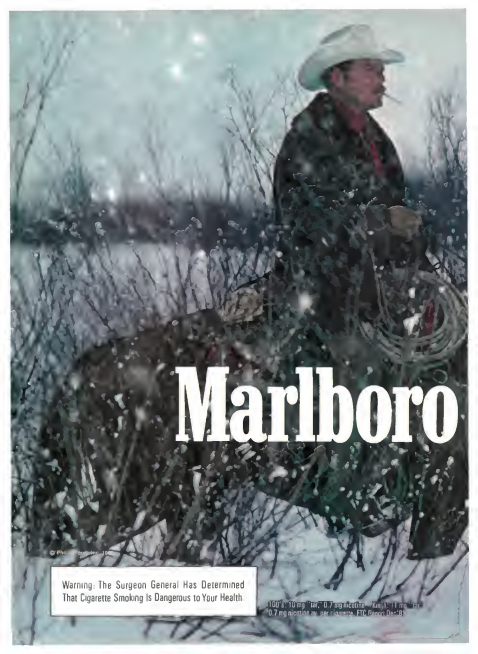
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State after his junior season, hasn't gotten all the attention he deserves. While he's scarcely one to blow his own horn, he does allow that Cummings might not be the only first-year player of distinction in the league. "I don't think there's been anything about his year that would make him a shoo-in for Rookie of the Year," says the 6' 7", 224-pound Kellogg. "In my own humble opinion, I'm as good a player as Terry Cummings."

Coming from Kellogg, that appraisal means a lot because appraisals are Kellogg's business. Before each game, for instance, he looks at things like an opposition player's shooting ability, his quickness, the size of his family, his job prospects after basketball, whether he smokes or has a history of heart disease. All the usual stuff Kellogg can't help thinking these things because he's a licensed insurance agent. The clock is always ticking down on a basketball career, but annuities are forever. "It makes me look at everything in terms of insurance," says Kellogg, who has been hustling policies since he was 18. The insurance business has taught him a lot about human nature and life itself. "For instance, the only benefit to buying a lot of life insurance comes when you die," Kellogg says, "and it's hard for some people to relate to that."

Relating to Kellogg's slick game would be no problem for people—if people ever came to the Pacers' games, which they don't. Indiana is one of the worst draws in the league, both at home and on the road, which means that Kellogg, who was only the eighth player taken in the draft, has toiled in undeserved obscurity. Wilkins has already received far more attention than Kellogg will in a career in Indianapolis, even though Wilkins is not nearly as well rounded a player as Kellogg.

"Clark is a little bit like Moses Malone," says George Irvine, Indiana's assistant coach. "He'll shoot, move, and go right back up. He has an incred-

bly quick second jump, which is why he's such a good offensive rebounder." Through 50 games he had more offensive rebounds than seven of the top 10 board men, and a remarkable 39% of his rebounds had been offensive. He also led the Pacers in steals with 85.



Kellogg crunched Pacer opponents for a 20.4 ppg average.

Because he plays in Indiana, Kellogg is often compared to George McGinnis, the 6' 8", 235-pound forward who was probably the best Pacer of all time. But McGinnis used his strength like a bludgeon. Kellogg is more fluid handling the ball, and he seems to be floating when he's actually going hard to the basket. His teammates tease him about being a natural point guard because he loves to dribble and shoot from outside, but he's most effective when he sets up low and powers past people. "He's smoother than Cum-

tings," says Phoenix' Maurice Lucas, who knows something about playing power forward. "He just throws the ball up, and—boom!—he goes after it."

Kellogg is just now beginning to regain some of the notice he lost by being stranded in an unimaginative program at Ohio State. At Cleveland's St. Joseph High School he had been regarded as a young Magic Johnson, but he became frustrated on Buckeye teams that were loaded with talent but had no direction. Despite leading the Big Ten in rebounding and placing third in scoring his junior season, Kellogg had seemingly been forgotten. "Coming out of high school, I was mentioned in the same breath—even ahead of—guys like Wilkins, Cummings and Worthy," Kellogg says. "Things never seemed to work out at Ohio State and I fell off a little in the publicity. But I think it will all come out in the wash. The recognition these other rookies are getting will die down, and then I'll get my share." Kellogg isn't worried. "I guess you could say I walk that thin line between being confident and cocky," he says. And besides, he knows talent is the best insurance policy of all.

Not even talent has been enough to help Worthy crack the Lakers' starting lineup, and in the natural order of things in the NBA, that should have Worthy talking to himself, if not to his agent. There was some concern before Los Angeles drafted

Worthy about how he would react to the limited playing time he was sure to be stuck with as a rookie. Would Worthy, fresh from a starring role on the North Carolina 1982 NCAA championship team, be happier headlining in Cleveland or learning in L.A.? If the Lakers wondered, they got their answer during their first meeting with San Antonio this season. Just before being taken out of the game after one of his typically brief appearances, Worthy scored a crucial basket. He exuberantly high-fived back

continued

James Worthy may feel his performance as a rookie has been hampered because he plays for the defending champion Lakers, but more typically, the numerous No. 1 picks who failed to become Rookies of the Year were victims of their own shortcomings in the face of the special pressures brought to bear on the league's first choice. Of no one was this more true than of LaRue Martin (right), top selection in the 1972 draft. The closest he gets to NBA action nowadays is Section 16, Row EE of Portland's Memorial Coliseum, and the view from there isn't much different from the one he had from the Trail Blazers' bench, where he spent much of his pro career.

Given his stats as a center at Loyola of Chicago (18.2 points per game over three years), Martin should have been a low first-round pick at best. But what he did on consecutive nights in January, 1972 changed that. Loyola, which would finish with an 8-14 record for 1971-72, met No. 1-ranked UCLA and No. 2 Marquette in Chicago. Although Loyola lost both games, Martin outscored and out-rebounded UCLA's Bill Walton (18-16 and 19-18) and Marquette's Jim Chones (22-14 and 32-23). The scouts were smitten, but none more than Portland's Stu Inman, who wanted a "franchise" player to turn around the fortunes of his 2-year-old team.



The View From Section 16, Row EE

"After 10 minutes, we knew he wasn't the player they thought he was," says Jack McCloskey, then the Blazer coach and now the Detroit Pistons' general manager. "I was always rushing," says Martin, who'd signed a six-year, \$1.2 million guaranteed contract. "I wanted to do everything and do it perfectly." He ended up doing neither, averaging only 4.4 points and 4.7 rebounds per game as a rookie

and losing the starting job to Lloyd Neal, a first-year man from Tennessee State who'd been picked in the third round. What was worse, North Carolina's Bob McAdoo, who had left college after his junior year and was chosen second in the '72 draft by Buffalo, led the league in scoring from 1973 through 1976, was the MVP in '75 and is still a productive player with the Lakers.

"They would call me LaRue Who?" and say I was the worst pick in history," Martin says. "It wasn't fair. I was 22 at the time, and it hurt me. It hurts me still."

Martin played better for Lenny Wilkens, who took over as coach after McCloskey, but then in 1974 the Blazers used their No. 1 pick to draft Walton, the man who unwittingly had gotten Martin into this mess. Martin was traded to Seattle two years later and finally retired in 1978. He's had a series of jobs, and is now a sales rep for Chicago Title Insurance, living in Portland with his wife, Claudia, and their two children.

But Martin still has a love for basketball and performs for the Blazer alumni team. "I'm playing great these days," he says. "I know that if I'd been picked lower, I'd still be a pro today. But I have to go on living my life, and as long as my family is behind me, what more do I need?"

—LISA TWITMAN

NBA ROOKIES continued

the sidelines, catching every teammate with some skin along the way. Finally, running out of hands to slap, Worthy turned to the press table and offered an open palm to surprised reporters. If Worthy wasn't having fun, he was hiding the pain surprisingly well.

Laker Coach Pat Riley has almost certainly lost more sleep over Worthy's meager playing time (through last week he had averaged 12.4 points and 4.5 rebounds a game as Kurt Rambis' backup) than Worthy has. "James is probably a better player than Kurt," Riley says, "but Kurt's a better power forward for this team, physically and psychologically. If James played 35 minutes, he'd score 23 points and have 10 boards a night. I think he sees what he has ahead of him, and I think it helps that he sees Michael Cooper and Bob McAdoo not saying anything, even though they don't get the minutes they deserve, either."

Riley feels that Worthy, who's 6'9", 219 pounds, is the best rookie in the league this year, whether he wins any

awards or not. "One of the questions you have to ask yourself is, 'Can Terry Cummings play guard?' We know James can play big forward and small forward, and he can play big guard if we want to go with a power lineup and make it difficult for people to match up against us. I think he might be one of the most creative of offensive players in the NBA. We inhibit him quite a bit." Worthy gave some indication of just how creative he can be when, on Dec. 29 against Golden State, he capped a perfect night—six of six from the floor, five for five from the line—with a move that Magic Johnson later named Dipsy-Do-360-Clutch-Skin-and-In. After taking a pass from Norm Nixon on the fast break, Worthy went into the air from the baseline for a jumper, found his path blocked by the Warriors' Larry Smith and, without bothering to come down, executed a perfect 360-degree spin and laid the ball in.

"It's going to be hard to compare the rookies this year," Riley says, "because judgments will be based on production, not on impact. But when you use impact as your gauge, you see that with Cummings, San Diego's record is just a bit

better this year than it was last. We're the champs and our record is much [four games at the All-Star game break] better. And I think there's probably more pressure on James than there is on any of the other prominent rookies. The fact that he's not getting that many minutes could affect how he thinks of himself."

For his part, Worthy, who hails from Gastonia, N.C., has concerned himself mostly with trying to fit in with his new surroundings. "L.A. has a fast, materialistic life-style," he says, "a little too fast for me. Everybody's got the Mercedes-Benzes and the big house. I like a simple life." So far Worthy, who lives frugally in his modest Westwood digs, has managed to steer clear of the hordes who swarm around the Lakers like camp followers. "I think once you let people know what you are," he says, "they're not going to keep trying to tempt you. And I let 'em know what I'm like right from Jump Street."

There's no telling where Jump Street may be, but there's a Los Angeles thoroughfare named Avenue of the Stars that Worthy, Kelloug and Cummings are all headed for, no matter who ends up as Rookie of the Year.

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The quickest takeoff ever

No high jumper has hit the loftier levels as speedily as Jerome Carter

One night two summers ago Jerome Carter and his buddies snuck into the pool of an exclusive housing complex in Edgewood, Md. for a midnight swim. The others settled for a quick dip and left, but Carter dallied to work on his backstroke. It was only after a bright light shone in his eyes and a gruff voice shouted, "Hold it!" that Carter realized his predicament. He sprang out of the water and bounded off a chaise longue, clearing the top of an eight-foot barbed-wire fence by inches. The man with the flashlight watched incredulously.

Which is about how the track establishment has reacted to Carter, a student at Harford Community College in Bel Air, Md. these last couple of months. He had nowhere to go but up when in December he began high-jumping on the indoor track circuit. He was just 19 and had been out of the sport for a year and a half after breaking his right ankle at a high

school track meet. After that mishap Carter had figured he'd never jump again. "I just no longer even thought about jumping," he says, and who could argue with an athlete who has two steel pins in his ankle?

But he changed his mind, and at his very first meet, the Towson (Md.) State Invitational on Dec. 18, the 6' 1" Carter equaled his personal best of 6' 11", even though he was competing in a borrowed pair of running shoes two sizes too small. Two weeks later at the Towson Holiday Relays, he leaped 7' 4", an extraordinary achievement, considering he was wearing those same borrowed shoes. Two weeks after that, at a meet in Fairfax, Va., finally wearing regulation high jump shoes, he cleared 7' 7", equaling the third-best indoor jump ever by an American and falling a scant 1½ inches shy of the world record of the Soviet Union's Vladimir Yashchenko. And observers say Carter made his 7' 7" with three inches to spare.

Understandably, Carter had doubters at first. But when word got out that he had barely missed 7' 11" during practice in a cramped Harford Community auxiliary gym, where he was limited to less than half his normal approach run, track and field folk began to understand what a phenomenon he is. "Pure, raw talent,"

says Bob Hersh, TAC records chairman "Untamed and unsmoothed."

Carter disarmed remaining skeptics by jumping 7' 4½" to finish second at last month's Malrose Games, and now he's being talked about as a possible gold medalist next summer at the Los Angeles Olympics. "Everyone wants to know, who is he?" says his coach, Alan Dean. "How old is he? Where does he come from? Is he really an American?"

For the record, Carter is an American, an Army brat born on a U.S. military base in Augsburg, Germany to an NCO and a former high school sprinter. When he was nine, he set up his first crossbar, a broomstick with a pair of crutches as standards, in front of a pile of mattresses in his backyard. He had been jumping around a lot in other ways, too. The family returned to the U.S. when Jerome was six, living in Colorado, Illinois, New Jersey and Maryland; he has called eight different towns home. After the last move his parents divorced, and since 1978 Jerome and his three brothers have lived with their mother in Edgewood.

Carter was a Class-C state champion high jumper (6' 4") as a junior at Harford Vocational Technical High. Dean was his coach there, too, and in Carter's senior year he broke the state high school record by two inches with a jump of 6' 10" before fracturing his ankle. Fortunately, it wasn't his left, or takeoff, foot, but he spent eight weeks in casts. After the last was chipped away, Carter leaped 6' 11" to win the East Coast Invitational. He awaited the call of higher education, New Mexico State obliged.

But the pain in his ankle persisted, X rays showed the break had never healed. Pins were inserted by a doctor in New Mexico, and, discouraged and homesick, Carter returned home after one semester, taking a job in a printing shop. "I was tired of school, tired of everything," he says. "I wanted to make money and buy clothes and things."

Then last summer, during a pickup basketball game with his brothers, Carter's head nearly grazed the rim as he went up for a dunk. "It flipped me out," he says. "I realized I still had something."

He called on Dean, who was coaching at Harford Community. Dean encouraged him to enroll and resume jumping.

Carter's a ready kid who seems to live in a blue track suit and white painter's cap, and is remarkably composed for his age. "I'm confident about what Jerome can do," says Carter, speaking of himself in the third person. "The only thing that upsets me is when Jerome doesn't do it. I'm as serious as a heart attack."

High jumping can be a sport of fierce psychological intimidation. At the Fairfax, Va. meet, an opponent tried to psych him out by glowering at him from the gallery. "He looked down on me like he was God," says Carter. "It made me angry."

That night Carter started at 6' 8", wearing two hooded sweat shirts and two pairs of sweat pants. "It's cool in here," he told Dean, before clearing the bar on his second attempt. He still had both pairs of sweats on when he jumped 7 feet. "Do me a favor," Dean said to Carter. "Before this gets serious, take off your extra clothing."

"Don't worry, Coach," Carter replied. "It's not serious yet." He promptly made 7' 2" on his first attempt. By then, he was the only jumper left in the event.

At 7' 4", things began to get cardiac serious. He took off both his sweat shirts and one pair of sweat pants. He needed just one jump. At 7' 7", he finally doffed the remaining sweat pants—and made the height on his first attempt.

Then, rather than go for Jeff Woodard's U.S. indoor best of 7' 7¾", he decided to try for a world-record 7' 8¼". But the meet officials had trouble locating the sort of steel tape with which world-record jumps must be measured. When one was finally found—half an hour later—Carter had lost his rhythm. Nevertheless, two of his three misses were close. "I guess I got a little too excited," he says.

Carter also tends to get excited about his footwear. His mother, Evelyn, remembers buying him shoes for a high school basketball game. Carter had expected leather Converse, like the ones his teammates wore, but Mom showed up with all she could afford, a pair of cheap, no-name canvas sneakers. Carter was chagrined. "Fish heads!" he exclaimed. "Ma, what's this going to do to my image?"

In Carter's first seven meets this season, he wore seven different pairs of shoes. He started out with his high school shoes, a pair of spiked Pumas, but at his

third three meets he was told he couldn't wear them because of the surfaces in use, so he reached 6' 11", then 7' 4" in those same old borrowed, beat-up running shoes whose insoles had been ripped out. Size nine shoes, size 11 feet. On Jan. 9 he jumped 7' 2" in heavy new football turf shoes he'd bought for better traction. He finally got to wear his old Pumas the night he reached 7' 7".

At the Millrose Games he donned a new pair of Nike high jump shoes, the Adidas he'd worn at a meet the week before having been destroyed—the unorthodox cut he makes before launching at the bar had shredded his soles.

Carter's cut is an abrupt turn in an L-shaped approach, one of Dean's innovations. Dean's principal qualification for coaching the high jump seems to have been four years of study at the conservatory of music at Baltimore's Peabody Institute. He teaches music at Harford Vocational Technical High and also plays jazz trumpet. In the jazz tradition, Dean's coaching philosophy leaves a lot of room for improvisation. Certainly the approach he devised is not standard. Unlikely high jumpers, who jog to the bar, Carter lopez, and flings himself up in the air on the dead run.

But all is not as haphazard as it might seem. Dean, 35, is an analytical coach. His conversation is sprinkled with phrases like "maximum thrust," "ground force" and "trajectory." "I'm trying to translate the horizontal motion of Jerome's approach to rotary and vertical motion as he clears the bar," he says.

"I just try to make my cut so fast you can't see it," Carter explains. "Then I pop, quick. I'm up, like in a blast. I don't know why I've gone so high lately. I just do what Mr. Dean tells me."

Carter's technique is basically a variation on the Fosbury Flop, used by most notable modern high jumpers. The biggest exception has been Yashchenko, a straddler. In Dean's scheme, looking at the bar is taboo. "I teach Jerome to execute the components of the jump rather than focus on the bar," he says. "The bar will take care of itself." It's a theory based on the teachings of his mentor, a trumpet teacher in Manhattan, Carmine Caruso. "He taught us," says Dean. "that if we didn't think about stretching up to a

high note, we'd be able to just blow down on top of it."

Some think the theories Dean trumpets have little to do with Carter's success. Veteran high jumper Dwight Stones, for one, sneers at Carter's "poor form." "Did you see my parabolic curve?" he said proudly at the Millrose Games. "I've got a smoother peak height that takes place over a longer interval. Carter may clear the bar by inches, but how much on the way up and how much on the way down? He has a much narrower margin for error."

But Stones's margin of error on that occasion, his first head-to-head competition with Carter, was the narrower. He may have the shapeliest parabolic curve in high jumping, but each time he cleared the bar it wobbled vigorously. Carter topped it with room to spare. At 7' 6½", Stones leaned into the bar on all three tries, knocking it off with his shoulders. Most of Carter cleared it, but his heels got caught on the follow-through. With fewer misses, Carter edged Stones for second place behind Fresno State's Tyke Peacock; they'd all cleared 7' 4".

"Seven-eleven," Carter mumbled as he left the arena that night, and he wasn't talking convenience stores. He's already looking well beyond the world record. "If I don't get it this indoor season," he says, "I'll surely get it in 1984."

And why not? It's a leap year. ■



Carter's blazing footwork keeps him hopping for shoes; he can wreck a pair a meet.

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Wood won't find a better point man than himself.

Perhaps because his mother's name is Evelyn Wood, Leon Wood speed-reads defenses as well as anyone in college basketball. That's one of several reasons why the Cal State-Fullerton junior may be the best point guard in the nation.

He's certainly the most underrated and underpublicized at his position, mostly because the Titans belong to a conference, the PCAA, dominated this season by University of Nevada, Las Vegas, and also because Fullerton's geographic area, Southern California, is dominated by UCLA, USC, Disneyland and other media-hogging attractions.

But around Fullerton, where he's known as Woodman or The Wood (the name on his warmup jersey), he's a major draw, and deservedly so. At week's end Wood led the nation in assists with 10.9 per game, while averaging an astonishing 18.2 points a game. (The second leader in assists, with 9.9, is UNLV's Danny Tarkanian, but Tarkanian is only scoring 7.6 points a game.) Thanks to Wood, the

Titans were 17-4 overall and second only to UNLV in the conference.

"He's one of the top guards in college today, if not the top guard," says Pete Newell, consultant to the Golden State Warriors and one of the game's most successful talent scouts. "Leon handles the ball on the break as well as any guard I've seen in quite a while. There's no one even close to him in the last few years."

After watching the 6'3", 190-pound Wood dismantle his team with 25 points and 14 assists in a 79-65 Fullerton victory, Cal State-Long Beach Coach Tex Winter was asked for a comparison. "Well, he's got those quick hands like Jerry West, you know," said Winter. "Offensively, he's got everything like a... oh, like a West. Hey, why not West?"

Whoa there, Tex! It may be a little early to compare Wood to a basketball immortal, because Wood's defense is sometimes

by Jack McCallum

ing another break, he back-flips to Jones for a spectacular slam. It's only after Long Beach starts easing off him to stop the havoc he's causing with his passing that Wood begins going to the basket himself.

Wood's involvement in a game is total, his face registers every ebb and flow. Even as he waits on the court for the starting lineup introductions, he glances compulsively at the scoreboard. He looks pained whenever he or a teammate botches play. After benefiting from a bad goaltending call, he trots back to his defensive position wearing a smile and shaking his head, too much of a purist to pretend he deserved the basket.

Wood is no Leon-come-lately to offensive production. As a high school senior in Santa Monica, he averaged 42.1 points per game, and he still holds the California high school scoring record, 2,693 points. Fullerton Coach George McQuinn was criticized for installing Wood at the point two years ago. Now, of course, those who insisted that Wood was strictly a shooter have disappeared.

This Wood pines for attention

Guard Leon Wood of Cal State-Fullerton gets points but no publicity

wanting, though he has used his quick hands to make 49 steals. But no one in college basketball understands the offensive game so well. A few examples from his first half against Long Beach, Wood is dribbling near the top of the circle when Ozell (Hoppy) Jones, Fullerton's 6'11" center, flashes up on the high post calling for the ball. Wood shakes his head—Jones would be shooting out of his range—dribbles to the other side of the key and slips a bounce pass deep in the paint to sophomore Forward Tony Neal for an easy turnaround jumper. Next time down, Wood penetrates, draws a foul and makes both shots. A minute later he dries to Ricky Moxon on a three-on-one break for a basket. Then he feeds Neal near the basket for two more. Start-

The campus apartment he shares with Jones is orderly except for shelves that are stacked with newspapers and basketball magazines. Wood buys the publications to keep tabs on other players around the country, particularly other guards, and for the same reason he avidly watches cable television. "Hop and I have two TVs but no cable money, so I have to make other plans," says Wood, meaning he drops in on any of several cable-equipped friends to watch basketball games day or night. "They just leave the door open for me," he says.

In hundreds of hours of TV viewing, Wood has heard spells about all the best point guards in the land. "It would be nice to hear my name mentioned just once," he says, "but it hasn't happened

yet." His own TV appearances have been limited to ESPN broadcasts of two NCAA games last season.

Wood's room is covered with basketball pictures and posters, including a collage of pro and college players that hangs above his bed. The only woman player to rate a full poster? Ann Meyers of UCLA. "I know the family real well," says Wood. "Her brothers, her parents, all of them." For that matter, Wood, who has never lived farther than 10 miles from the UCLA campus, knows most everyone connected with Bruin basketball. His mother attended classes at UCLA for four years before finishing her B.A. in sociology at Long Beach. One of Wood's fondest boyhood memories is of a chance on-campus meeting with John Wooden; the Wizard commented on the similarity of their names. Wood played in off-season and summer pickup games with the Bruin varsity players. "I'm going to wear your jersey [No. 14] here," he told Bruin Guard Brad Holland early in his senior year at St. Monica's High. Indeed, for Larry Farmer, then an assistant coach at UCLA, recruiting 17-year-old Leon Wood for UCLA was the easiest job he ever had. It was not to be.

In March 1979, the Bruins' head coaching job went to Larry Brown and not to Farmer. For some reason Leon and his mother decided that Brown was too intense, and so Wood signed with Arizona, his distant second choice. Today both mother and son admit it was a mistake.

Homesick, feeling out of place in the desert and unsure of his role on the team, Wood decided to leave Arizona after his freshman year. To switch to UCLA was out of the question: Even if he had been accepted, a Pac-10 rule on transfers within the conference would have required him to sit out for two years. Leon thought UNLV and its wide-open game would be ideal for him, but Evelyn nixed that because of doubts about that school's academic program. "Short of throwing myself in front of a moving car, he was not going to that university," she says. Though many of his friends scoffed, Wood decided Fullerton was the next best thing to UCLA. Fatiguing, he spent most of his non-playing year (only one is required for out-of-conference transfers) watching Bruin and Trojan basketball games.

At first Wood resisted McQuarn's decision to make him a point guard. "Coach, I'm used to taking 20 shots a

game," he said. But McQuarn convinced him that his future as a pro is as a playmaker. Still, when needed, Wood clearly can take the scoring initiative, as he did at UNLV on Jan. 22, with Fullerton trailing 59-44 late in the second half. In the final seven minutes, Wood fed Mixon on a jumper, scored a three-point play, hit a three-point jumper (he's 16 of 35 for the season from the three-point range), made two free throws, hit a medium-range jumper, then another, converted two more free throws, canned a three-point shot and finally assisted on Fullerton's final two baskets. The Titans fell short by just 76-71.

You probably didn't hear or read about that sparkling performance—that's the fate of the unknown Woodman—but there's no doubt that the NBA scouts got the message loud and clear.

THE WEEK

(Feb. 1-13)
by ROGER JACKSON

WEST Three years ago, when Charlie Sinton announced his decision to play basketball at Oregon State, Bill Walton, the former UCLA star, warned him that he had made a mistake. "Walton told me at an all-star game that it was too bad I had chosen OSU," Sinton said. "He said that I was going to lose to UCLA for four years." But the only one in error thus far has been Walton. Oregon State upset UCLA in Corvallis 69-65 for its fourth straight homecourt victory over the Bruins since 1980. It was UCLA's first defeat in the Pac-10 this season. Sinton was the power in this mass Beaver victory, scoring 25 points, getting six rebounds and dishing out five assists.

But for UCLA there were mitigating factors: the Bruins' Stuart Gray, the conference's leading rebounder, suffered an injured left knee while going to the boards only 25 seconds into the game, and Forward Kenzy Fields, UCLA's leading scorer, dislocated his left shoulder while chasing a loose ball with 9:49 to play in the first half. Nonetheless, the Bruins rallied to tie the score at 39-39 on a jump shot by Michael Holton with 15:20 remaining in the game. But Oregon State scored the next three hoops, one by Sinton and two by Forward A.C. Green, which gave the Beavers a 45-39 lead with 13:09 to go.

Earlier in the week, the Bruins came from behind to beat Oregon 67-56 in Eugene, but they had to resort to a 2-3 zone defense to overcome a 41-34 Duck lead with 1:11 to

play. "I don't like the zone," said UCLA Coach Larry Farmer, echoing his legendary mentor John Wooden, "but you've got to play it in certain situations. Tonight I guessed right and it worked for us."

Despite Nevada-Las Vegas' 22-0 record, many observers still wonder just how good the Runin' Rebels really are. After UNLV beat hapless Pacific in Stockton 79-62, Coach Jerry Tarkanian was one of them. "If we're a good team, we have to play better than this," said Tark. "We had no intensity and concentration. Our zone defense was poor and our man-to-man no better. I was embarrassed at halftime." With good reason. Despite suiting up just eight players, the Tigers trailed by only 42-39 at the half and held a 47-46 lead with 18:06 minutes to play. But UNLV Center Sidney Greer, who scored 24 of his career-high 34 points in the second half, pumped in 14 points during a 20-7 spurt that gave the Rebels a 13-point lead, putting the game on ice.

UNLV found the going no easier in a 66-59 victory at Tarkanian's alma mater, Fresno State. The Rebels trailed 22-21 at the half, having been stifled by the Bulldogs' tenacious 1-3-1 zone. "I thought we played too cautiously," Tarkanian said. "I told the kids at halftime to open it up a little." Forward Larry Anderson did. He had eight points during a 23-10 run that gave UNLV a commanding 44-32 advantage.

Big Sky leader Montana snapped Idaho's 43-game home winning streak, pounding the Vandals 80-61 behind Forward Derrick Pope's 20 points and eight rebounds.

EAST Based on its recent performances, Virginia appeared to have the edge in its ACC showdown with North Carolina in Chapel Hill. "We're playing well right now," said Cavalier Coach Terry Holland. "I guess you could call it the Game of the Century—again." With the Cavs ahead 63-53 with 4:12 left in Game of the Century II, it appeared that Virginia would avenge its 101-95 loss to the Tar Heels six weeks ago. But North Carolina ran off seven straight points to pull three points behind, 63-60, with 2:54 left. That set the stage for the Tar Heels' Michael Jordan, who tapped in a missed three-pointer with 1:07 to play and then stole the ball from Cavalier Guard Rick Carlisle and jammed home a breakaway bucket that gave North Carolina a 64-63 victory. "The opportunity was there," said Jordan of his last-minute heroics. "If I see an opportunity like that, I take it." Three days later, Dwayne McClain of Villanova took advantage of the Heels, hitting three free throws in the last 1:16 of the game to cap the Wildcats' 56-53 victory over North Carolina.

Villanova opened the week with a pair of Big East wins, 86-79 over Connecticut and 78-65 over Pittsburgh. Guard Stewart Granger riddled UConn's 2-3 zone for 24

continued

points, hitting 11 of 15 from the field, while Center John Pinone, who was taking pencils for a bad case of the flu, scored 14 of his 16 points in the second half. Pinone added 25 more in the victory over stubborn Pitt; it was his final performance in Villanova's cozy (3,000-seat) Field House. "John was a little nervous and excited before the game, besides being really sick," said Wildcat Coach Rollie Massimino, "but that will never stop him from playing." Boston College had a 91-76 victory over Seton Hall and an 89-74 win over archrival Holy Cross.

A blizzard kept Connecticut from playing St. John's in New York and Syracuse from journeying to Landover, Md. to play Georgetown, but nothing could stop the Redmen and the Hoyas from brawling at the Capital Centre. St. John's won the game 75-69, with the Redmen's Chris Mullin scoring 25 points, shooting seven of 11 from the floor and a perfect 11 from the line.

But the oncourt violence that marred the two teams' first meeting this year at Madison Square Garden continued. With 17:28 to go in the game, Billy Goodwin of St. John's and Georgetown's David Wingate traded punches and both benches emptied. Goodwin was charged with a flagrant foul and ejected. Twenty-two seconds later, the benches cleared again when the Hoyas' Michael Jackson charged into the Redmen's Kevin Williams on a rebound attempt.

The incidents have troubled Hoya Coach John Thompson, the unwavering architect, some say, of his team's bellicose style of play. "Last night was the most frustrating," Thompson told Dave Kindred of *The Washington Post* after the St. John's game. "I'm sick about the situation. . . . For the first time I wondered, 'What the hell am I, a boxing manager or a basketball coach?'"

MIDEAST The key to Minnesota's chances in the Big Ten race, according to Gopher Coach Jim Dutcher, was simple. "We need a split in our series with Indiana," he said. "If we don't get it, Minnesota and everybody else in the Big Ten will be playing for second place." If what Dutcher says is true, the Gophers' 63-59 loss to the Hoosiers, which gave Indiana a sweep of the season series, put them in an awfully big hole.

Ted Kitchel, the Big Ten's top scorer, got 26 points, including a jumper with 8:44 left that put Indiana ahead to stay, 51-49. Two days later Kitchel added 21 points and Randy Wittman had 26—with 12 of 16 shooting from the field—to lead Indiana to a 75-56 rout of Winconsin. Badger Coach Steve Yoder could have spoken for the rest of the Big Ten when he asked reporters, "How in hell can we take the guys we got and beat Indiana when they are playing like this?"

After Purdue beat Iowa and Northwestern in West Lafayette two weeks ago, the Hawk-

SI TOP 20

1. UNLV (22-0)	1 *
2. INDIANA (18-2)	5
3. ST. JOHN'S (20-2)	7
4. N. CAROLINA (21-4)	2
5. VIRGINIA (19-3)	3
6. UCLA (17-3)	4
7. LOUISVILLE (21-3)	11
8. HOUSTON (20-2)	12
9. VILLANOVA (17-4)	17
10. MEMPHIS STATE (18-3)	6
11. MISSOURI (19-4)	9
12. WICHITA STATE (18-3)	8
13. ARKANSAS (20-1)	13
14. KENTUCKY (16-5)	18
15. GEORGETOWN (16-6)	14
16. TENNESSEE (15-6)	15
17. ILLINOIS STATE (17-4)	10
18. MONTANA (19-3)	—
19. BOSTON COLL. (17-4)	—
20. OKLAHOMA (16-5)	20

* Last week

eyes and Wildcats showed the Boiler-makers that turnaround is fair play with a little home cooking of their own. Iowa defeated Purdue 55-46 behind Greg Stokes' 18 points and 10 rebounds. Northwestern whipped the Boiler-makers in Chicago 66-55, marking the first time in three years that the Wildcats have won five conference games. "We may lose nine in a row," said Purdue Coach Gene Keady afterward. The Boiler-makers might well do that if their shot selection doesn't improve: Purdue missed 15 of 17 three-point attempts against Northwestern.

Louisville got 27 points from Guard Lancaster Gordon and 22 from Rodney McCray in an 81-73 victory over Marquette in Milwaukee. Gordon hit 11 of his first 12 shots from the floor, moving Marquette's Mark Marotta to remark, "We knew he was good, but we didn't think he was that good."

As Kentucky moved into sole possession to first place in the SEC (page 16), Tennessee split a pair of conference games, beating LSU 66-63 in Knoxville behind Dan Federmann's 20 points but losing to Mississippi State 75-66 in Starkville. Georgia was the biggest loser, the Bulldogs dropped their second straight home game, 76-59 to Ole Miss, and then lost a 73-71 heartbreaker to Alabama.

MIDWEST With the game between Wichita State and host Memphis State tied 69-69 and 3:45 left, Tiger freshman Guard Andre Turner made a list and proceeded to knock out the Shockers by himself. An upraised clinch from Turner means a delay offense for Memphis, and this time it meant trouble for Wichita. Turner reeled off 10 points in 3:03—a pair of uncon-

tested layups and six free throws—as the Tigers pulled away to an 85-73 triumph. "That kid has his head completely in the game," Shockers Coach Gene Smithson said afterward. Subsequently, Memphis State was handed its head in a 49-47 defeat at Tulane; it was the Tigers' second loss to the Green Wave in seven days.

Louisville President Donald Swann is making a proposal, made by the school's Committee on Intercollegiate Athletics, to leave the Metro Conference. After the Cards whipped Florida State 89-63 and Tulane 73-56 to run their league record to 8-0, the rest of the Metro might well chip in for a going-away present. Scooter McCray had a virtuoso performance against Florida State: 20 points, eight rebounds, five assists, three blocks and four steals. "That's really not bad—even for a senior," said Louisville Coach Denny Crum. Against Tulane, Scooter and his brother Rodney—the Double Mac Attack—combined for 29 points, 16 rebounds and 10 assists.

Wichita State resumed Missouri Valley Conference play with a 111-96 win over Indiana State, but Illinois State dropped a pair of road games, 53-41 at Creighton and 71-57 at Drake, to fall from a first-place tie with the Shockers. "They're obviously in a slump," Drake Coach Gary Garner said of the Redbirds. "But every winning major league baseball team has a slump during the season, and so do college basketball teams."

After Barry Stevens' 25-foot jumper at the buzzer gave Iowa State a 73-72 overtime victory over Missouri, the crowd at State's Hilton Coliseum screamed onto the court chanting, "Barry, Barry." Stevens deserved the adulation. He hit 14 of 23 from the field, and 12 of 13 from the line for 40 points against six different Tiger defenders. "We've got to win [at Oklahoma] now," said Missouri Center

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BARRY STEVENS. The sophomore forward scored 57 points, hitting 21 of 39 shots from the floor and 15 of 17 from the line, and had 17 rebounds for Iowa State in wins over Missouri and Kansas State.

Steve Stipanovich. The Tigers, who pulled out a Norman just three times in 23 years, had won an 84-79 overtime victory thanks to Steve Stipanovich's 26 points and Jon Sundsvold's 28. Oklahoma's Wayman Tisdale had a game-high 32 points—and 23 more in a 64-62 victory at Kansas State.

Houston stretched its Southwest Conference record to 11-0 with victories over Southern Methodist, 85-68, and Texas Christian, 74-66. Second-place Arkansas also won a pair, beating Baylor 81-66 behind Joe Kleine's career-high 25 points and Texas A&M 62-55 as Darrell Walker had 17 points and seven rebounds.

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Midway through the third period of last week's NHL All-Star game, Wayne Gretzky was, as usual, the focus of attention. One person looking at Gretzky particularly closely was his Edmonton Oilers teammate, Mark Messier, who had the puck just inside the blue line. Messier has one of the most respected wrist shots in the league, and as he glided toward the net, Goaltender Pelle Lindbergh of the Prince of Wales Conference awaited Messier's release. But Messier had spotted Gretzky coming off the boards. Instead of firing full blast, Messier changed up and slid the puck half speed, so that Gretzky, streaking in front of the net, was easily able to deflect the shot past Lindbergh.

"A classic Messier play," said Campbell Conference Coach Roger Neilson. "He's such a big guy you can't knock him off the puck. He's so fast you don't want to go out and challenge him. The goalie has to respect his wrist shot because you don't know when he'll let go. And he's still got the finesse to put the puck on Gretzky's stick in the right spot."

That's high praise for one so young, but in the 22-year-old Messier's case, it's deserved, because he is, quite simply, the best left wing in the NHL. At week's end he was the league's No. 4 scorer with 86 points. Gretzky led, as usual, with, however, 140. Denis Savard of Chicago had 90, Mike Bossy of the Islanders 88, but each had played one more game than Messier, who also ranked fifth in goal-scoring with 38. Number 38, against Quebec last Friday, was a game winner and it kept alive a personal point streak that had reached 13 games. Barring injury, Messier is likely to break Johnny Bucyk's 12-year-old scoring record of 116 points for left wings.

Messier's binge has coincided with a surge by the Oilers. At the end of November, Edmonton was 11-9-6 and Messier had 28 points. Since then, he has gotten 58 points in 31 games, and the Oilers have gone 20-7-4 to raise their record to 31-16-10 and take over first place in the Smythe Division. "Mark always had the talent," says Gretzky. "But when we first came into the league together four years ago, he had a tendency to be awed just by being here. He would sit around my apartment sometimes and



On balance, he's the best

Mark Messier, the No. 2 Oiler, is clearly tops among NHL left wings

by John Feinstein

say, 'Can you believe we're playing against Guy Lafleur tomorrow?' Or Marcel Dionne?" Mark wasn't sure he belonged. Now he knows he not only belongs but should be as good or better than those guys."

And he is. Trouble is, not that many people outside Edmonton, which happens to be where Messier grew up, are aware of it. The reason is simple: Gretzky. Playing hockey on the same team with the Great One is an excellent way to get yourself on an American Express commercial. Messier has been in Gretzky's wake since 1978, when at 17 he signed his first professional contract, with the Indianapolis Racers of the WHA. Only days earlier the financially strapped Racers had sold Gretzky, also 17, to the Oilers. Then, in 1979, Messier too, landed in Edmonton. Since then Messier has steadily improved, scoring 12 goals that first season, 23 the next and 50 in 1981-82. Clearly, he's a maturing star. Still, who notices the vice-president when he's standing next to the president? Who remembers who finished second in the Masters?

Glen Sather, the Oilers' president/G.M./coach/waterboy, shrugs when asked if Messier is getting the credit he deserves. "Is he the best left wing in hockey?" asks Sather rhetorically. "I'm not going to say that and put pressure on Mark. He certainly has the tools to be as good as anyone." Messier was a first-team All-Star at the end of last season, and he's on his way to an even better season in '82-83. Quebec's Michel Goulet, Chicago's Al Secord, Philadelphia's Brian Propp and the Islanders' John Tonelli are fine left wings, but would Sather trade Messier even-up for any of them? No way. He's in a class by himself.

Although he'd be the No. 1 star on most teams, Messier doesn't seem at all bothered by being second banana to Gretzky in Edmonton. "This year I've started to get some attention," he says, "and I can't understand how Wayne takes it. I need my space. That's why when the season's over, I just get out of town and travel. There are enough pressures to deal with in the game with-

out having all that other outside stuff."

Last week the lobby of the Long Island Marriott, which was where most of the All-Stars stayed, was swarming with kids looking for autographs. Whenever Messier returned to the hotel, he couldn't wait to get to his room and hide. Once, when someone suggested meeting in the hotel restaurant, Messier asked, "How's it look down there? Crowded?"

Traditionally, left wings haven't had to worry much about attracting a crowd. To be sure, there have been great marksmen at that position, most notably Bobby Hull. But an general more fame has accrued to centers, like Jean Beliveau, Phil Esposito and Gretzky, and to right wings, like the immortals Rocket Richard and Gordie Howe, and such recent stars as Lafleur, Bossy and Lanny McDonald. One reason leftwingers don't score as much as their linemates do is that most centers shoot lefthanded, and it's easier for them to pass the puck right than left. That has been true especially since the introduction of the curved stick, with which passing off the backhand is tricky. Messier has had the good fortune this season to play mostly on a line centered by Ken Linseman, who passes to both sides equally well.

In addition, left wings traditionally have been big, rugged muckers who are more adept at digging the puck out of corners and administering bone-rattling checks than they are at shooting. At 6 feet and 207 pounds, Messier is big—his nickname is Moose, which was hung on him by his brother "because I have such a big butt"—and he can deliver a mean check. But Messier's similarity to the stereotype ends with his size. "He's so fast that he can just swoop right by," says Black Hawk defenseman Doug Wilson. "And once he's past you, the only way to stop him is to take a penalty. He's always flying." Adds Washington defender Rod Langway, who remembers Messier from his WHA days as a hard-nosed, drop-the-gloves-and-light type of player, "You could tell that if he ever used his skills just for playing, he'd be outstanding. Now that he's doing it, he's scary."

Messier was introduced to hockey by his father, Doug, who had a long career as a minor league defenseman. Toward the end of his playing days, Doug took Mark and his brother, Paul, who's two years older, to practice with him. Each boy became addicted to the game by the time he was six. There was a time when

Paul, who currently plays for the Oilers' farm club in Moncton, New Brunswick, which is coached by Doug, seemed to have more ability than Mark. "Paul always led his team and his league in scoring," says Doug.

When Mark turned 15, he went to his first junior training camp. Doug was the coach. Paul the star. "I still hadn't grown," recalls Mark. "I wasn't sure I could make the team, so I worked like crazy all summer." One night while walk-

ing through the camp's dining room, Mark came across his father's team roster. Next to his name were three big question marks. "It really scared me," says Messier. "I thought I might get out."



Since turning pro five years ago, Messier (left) has played in the Great One's shadow.

ing through the camp's dining room, Mark came across his father's team roster. Next to his name were three big question marks. "It really scared me," says Messier. "I thought I might get out."

He wasn't, and he blossomed. After two seasons of Tier Two junior hockey, Messier got a five-game tryout with Indianapolis, during which he failed to get a point. But almost immediately after that trial ended, the Cincinnati Stingers called. Messier spent the rest of the 1978-79 season with that club, scoring one goal in 47 games.

Still, his talent was evident to Sather. "Coming off what he did in Cincinnati, I was no sure thing," says Sather. "But I had seen him play as a junior, and he had been a real leader. We were gambling on

Sather. "He had a man's body but a kid's maturity. He had a lot of learning to do."

What Messier had to learn was self-control off the ice. "I suppose I was pretty wild," he says. "I don't exactly go home after every game and bake cookies now, but I know there's a limit to how much you can do before it affects your hockey."

Two and a half hours before the All-Star game, Messier was munching a grilled-cheese sandwich and ketchup-soaked French fries. "This is Gretzky's pregame meal," he said, punctuating the sentence with a laugh. "Maybe this is the secret to playing like him."

These days most left wings would be satisfied merely to have the secret to playing like Messier.

END

WE ALL HAD

Here I am, second from the right, with some of the fellows. From the left, Tim Lincecum of Seattle, Ariz., Dennis Albano of Northfield, Ill., and Jimmy Stewart of Niles, Ill.



A BALL

Here's the story of how a bunch of us over-35 guys played with the '69 Cubs, and of how I hit one that would've been out at Fenway, 'cept. . .

by ROY BLOUNT JR.



CONTINUED



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL MASAKI

probably always wanted to rob a sports-writer of extra bases. Earlier in camp, he called me—just a minute, I think I have the exact wording somewhere . . . here it is: 'A good hitter.' O.K., you could say that's the kind of thing he might say to his nephew, but still. . . ."

"No, I mean where, like in, what park?"

"Scottsdale Stadium, Arizona. Which was strangely appropriate, because. . ."

"Oh, thin air."

Thin air, I may have to get another T-shirt that says I HIT A BASEBALL 350 FEET AND WHY IS IT THAT EVERYONE'S REACTION IS 'THIN AIR?' The whole trouble with my baseball career, and my life, is that my T-shirts have to have too many words on them.

My game shirt, the authentic Chicago away uniform shirt I was wearing when I hit the ball 350 feet, has only one word on it: "Cubs." The All-Star Baseball School's weeklong camp last month for men over 35, which culminated with a game against some of the '69 Cubs, was the closest I will come to fitting myself into that word, that one round patch.

How close was that?

What? Who are you with?

This was an oft fantasized experience you had, right? So this is your oft fantasized interview:

About time.

You weren't satisfied with your press coverage at the camp?

No. TIME magazine unaccountably attributed my 350-foot shot to Art Lesell, a 63-year-old pilot.

Yeah, but what about the thin air?

I'll tell you about thin air. Thin air is when Randy Hendley, who was one of the former Cubs I played against, pops a ball incalculably high into what we call the Big Arizona Sky. Being camped under a fly in Arizona is like looking over the side of a boat after a camera you just dropped into Lake Michigan. And I'll tell you something else about thin air. Thin air is when I, the third baseman, fresh from the triumph of hitting a ball 350 feet, find myself in the position of having to come to grips with a pop-up that resembles the average person's concept of a pop-up about as much as Ralph Sampson resembles your gym teacher.

In other words, a tough chance.

But that's not all. To try to catch it, I have to drift toward the same spot where, in 1970, I had my darkest day as a sports-writer, when Leo Durocher—who managed the Cubs then and was managing them again in this game—branded me as the anti-Cub right there in front of the whole team. Anyway, I miss it.

Really? The pop-up? Why do you miss it?

I don't miss it now. I missed it then.

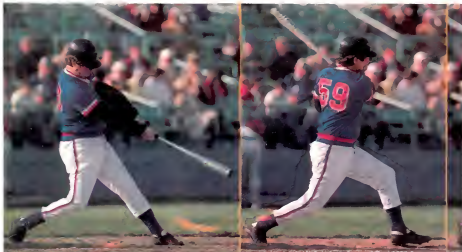
I have a T-shirt and two sweat shirts that say I PLAYED BASEBALL AGAINST THE 1969 CUBS. This intro lets me get on with the rest of the story: "Hello, my name is Blat, Blong, Blough—whatever, it doesn't matter—and the very fact that Ferguson Jenkins was playing me deep enough to catch a ball hit 350 feet tells you something," is how I usually begin.

"Excuse me?" people reply.

"I hit a ball 350 feet," I say.

"Where?"

"Pulled it dead to left. It was caught—over the shoulder, but still, he must have been playing me pretty deep—by Ferguson Jenkins. He was in left at the time. You know how guys over 35 are; they like to live out their fantasies, and Jenkins





I don't understand why they're showing both of these sequences. Anyone who knows a lick knows mashing a ball—see my arm extension—it's more significant than mashing a pop-up.



And three days later it's on national TV. At least my friends and I think that's me we see, though I find out much later it's some other guy missing a different pop-up. But by then, the damage to my psyche and reputation had been done.

What were you called? You and the other 62 men over 35 who for \$2,195 each lived out a boyhood dream by working out with major-leaguers?

"Campers." I would have liked "prospects" better. By the way, two or three guys under 35 slipped in. Can you imagine how far I would have hit the ball if I'd been their age? I'm 41! True, I never hit a ball that far when I was under 35. That was the longest ball I ever hit in my life. And maybe the last. What a way to go out! But what if I'm getting better? What if I have yet to come into my oft fantasized own? Baseball! You just won't let go! I might say, however, that it was never my boyhood dream to miss a pop-up in front of thousands of people.

The All-Star School, which is operat-

ed by Hundley and Chicago entrepreneur Allan Goldin usually instructs kids, right?

Yes, we were the historic first middle-aged campers. And we seem to have struck a chord. Every television network was all over us. Another Cub camp, also in Scottsdale, is planned for April, and a company called Baseball Fantasies Fulfilled has announced an April camp in Tempe featuring old Dodgers.

How did the Cub camp work?

Very well. We had the Scottsdale facilities that the Cubs formerly used for spring training, and we were drilled in fundamentals by '69 Cubs Hundley, Jenkins, Billy Williams, Ron Santo, Ernie Banks, Glenn Beckert, Jim Hickman, Rich Nye, Ken Rudolph and Gene Oliver, and by slightly later-vintage Cubs Jose Cardenal and Steve Stone. The old Cubs also played with us in intrasquad games. Nobody wanted to look like a jerk in front of them. Take away the Cubs and the camp would have degenerated into

continued



middle-aged doctors, lawyers, brokers and businessmen rolling around on the ground fighting over whose ball it was. There should be Cubs at the U.N.

And on the last day of camp, in Scottsdale Stadium—where the fences are all deeper than 350 feet—before around 4,200 fans and a host of media folks who don't really care about the longest ball a person ever hit in his entire life, the old Cubs beat us 23–6.

Does that mean you were 17 runs

well, God, I guess... mine." Privately I hoped that Jimmy Stuart, a commodities trader in Chicago who won the plaque for Most Aggressive Camper, would hustle pushily over from shortstop and call me off of it, and I would've given him a look of annoyance and let him have it. But he didn't.

I looked up at that thing. And what struck me was, "This pop-up doesn't care who I am." Also, the sun was in my eyes. "The sun is in my eyes," I thought. "And I still don't know what made Durocher say what he said in 1970. And anyway, what in the hell am I supposed to do with this thing? I'm a writer. I'm 41 years old.

Road, where we enter a dressing room and don big league uniforms. Right? Most of us would have been willing to die at that point. All right, my pants were too big. But if angels offered me a golden robe, would I say, "Only if you've got it in a 44 long"? And the old Cubs are sitting around telling stories about Durocher, their manager in '69 (as well as '70, when I met him), and how hard he was on non-regulars, whom he referred to as "the rest of you bleep." There was the time Lee Thomas went up to pinch-hit and Durocher sat on the bench saying, "Look at that bleep bleep bleep. He can't run, he can't hit, I don't know why



Though our workouts every morning were pretty painful—Savage was pretty, the exercises were painful—I survived by concentrating on my chin.

short of being as good as a team of major-leaguers, one of whom, Jenkins, is still active, and, incidentally, is six-foot-five and is the guy who caught your soaring drive over his shoulder?

It's hard to say. I do know that I came within about 15 inches of catching what you would call a major league pop-up. I remember thinking to myself, while drifting over toward the spot in foul territory where I first met Durocher in 1970, "Oh,

And I was never all that good when I was 21. And it's not even really spring yet. The pop-ups are ahead of the third basemen. And..."

And you missed it. Could you give us an idea of what a typical day in camp was like?

Thank you for changing the subject. First of all, we take a bus from our hotel to the '69 Cubs' spring workout fields (now used by the Giants) on Hayden

the bleep bleep bleep I got him. Look at him! He's going to pop up." And sure enough, Thomas popped up. Durocher swore for several minutes, then turned to Ted Savage and told him to pinch-hit next. "Why should I go up there," said Savage, "and subject myself to abuse?"

Would you say you were subjected to big league baseball without the abuse?

Well, to some extent. In all candor, I would have to say that this was where the

continued

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\$2.195 came in. Half of that may have been for overhead and the other half for not having Dorothea come in until the end of the week. But there was some abuse, after all. There were all those reporters. And aerobics.

Aerobics were led by Susie Warren who is what you might call lithe. And she made us campers do terrible things with our bodies, to music. Cardenal would accompany us, using a bat as a baton and crying "No más! No más!" Otherwise, the Cubs grunted and groaned with the rest of us. I have found it possible to live a normal life without reflecting upon the fact that I have hamstrings. I did not find this possible while performing aerobics.



Dorothea had apologies for everyone but me.

Hamstrings a-twang, we would leave Susie and take on the easier part of the day: playing hardball. We would divide into five squads and rotate from field to field and Cub to Cub. Williams showed me that I'd been holding a bat wrong all my life. You're supposed to hold it up in the forward, or fingers, part of the hand, not back up against the pad. Because when—or if—you hit a ball thrown at big league batting-practice speed with the bat held back up against your pad, your right pad, if you bat righthanded, bams



Banks told us fellow sluggers we should see ourselves inside the ball, preparing for a long ride.

various shades of blue. This subject arose when I asked Williams why I had developed indigo hand.

It was Santo who explained why I'd developed it on my left hand, too. That was because I've been holding the glove wrong all my life. You're supposed to hold it so that the ball always hits in the webbing, he said. This was a piece of advice I was unable to use. I feel I'm doing well when I catch a ball with any part of the leather. Playing third base, I also developed indigo shoulder, chest and thigh.

Hickman and Jenkins also explained to me that I'd been holding the ball wrong all my life. If you hold it along the seams, it veers. This is what Jenkins usually does, because as a pitcher he usually wants it to veer. This is what Hickman never did, because as a fielder he didn't want it to. This is what I, as a fielder, have often done down through the veers.

There are a great many intangibles in baseball, aren't there?

Yes, and I wonder whether I will ever get a feel for them.

What else would you do on a typical day of training, after finding out that you've always been holding everything wrong?

Go back to the dressing room. Sit around sweaty. Take a shower with a member of the Hall of Fame, Banks, who's saying, "There is a vast reservoir of potential in all of us waiting to be tapped!" Stiffen up. Walk out toward the bus like somebody who just got off a horse. Yet feel primed. Feel bodily.

And go back to the hotel and sit in the whirlpool with the Cubs. Santo tells about the time Rogers Hornsby went through the Cubs' minor league camps checking out all the hitters. Hornsby called a bunch of them together in some bleachers and went down the rows. The first guy was black. "You better go back to shinning shoes," Hornsby said, "because you can't hit." And he said more or less the same thing to one prospect after another. Santo and Williams were sitting together. "If he says that to me," Santo said to Williams, "I'm going to cry." And Hornsby came to Williams. "You," Hornsby said, "can hit in the big leagues right now." And he said the same thing to Santo.

Later Santo was up in the bigs, in the All-Star Game. "And there are McCovey and Aaron and Mays, and Ron Santo, and some photographer is taking a picture of us together!" Santo says, beaming. We beam with him. Not only campers but also Cubs are returned to your youth.

Would you say that rejuvenation was a theme of the camp?

Yes. But also fading. The '69 Cubs, you know, were the team that blew the National League East title to the Miracle Mets. The Cubs looked as if they were going to run away with it. Until September. On the first day of camp, Hundley gave Stone, who was to be our coach in the big Friday game against the Cubs, a chance to address us. "Just stay close to them till Thursday," Stone advised. "These are the '69 Cubs. They fade."

continued

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continued



I asked Banks how he knew when it was time to retire. "You lose your quickness," he said. "And you hear whispers. Rumors 'He used to make that play.' 'He used to hit that pitch.' Or maybe they don't say anything, but you can see it when they look at you. You can see it in their eyes."

That sounded like what I had been going through since I was 12. In my first Lit-



Harry did wonders for my aching knee, but I had no defense at all against indigo boys.

tle League season I was pretty good, but since then it has been only flashes. Moments' inklings of what it feels like to be a player.

Did you have any of those inklings with the Cubs?

I had so many inklings. I may never sort them out. "You look like you've played some ball," Handley told me, and to give you some idea how that made me feel, here's a story. A reporter at the camp overheard some of the Cubs saying that Ken Schwab, a 55-year-old Illinois grain-farm owner, looked pretty good. After asking another camper to point out Schwab, the reporter went up to another person he thought had been indicated and said, "Hey, the Cubs are saying you look pretty good." The guy nearly fainted. "My lifelong dream!" he cried. "You can't imagine what this means to me. For a big league player to say, 'Irvin Singleary looks pretty good'" (I have changed his name.) Here's how I felt. 1) "I have played some ball! I have played some ball. I must have! All those years, some of the time, anyway, that was actually ball I was playing!" And 2) "Me?"

Then, too, there were simpler moments. Grounder hit at me, bing-bing-tapocketta, it's in my glove, I'm up with it smoothly, throwing, zip, it's over to the first baseman chest high, a couple of murmurs among the campers: "Got an arm."

"Don't throw too hard too soon," Sam-to tells me. And the next day he asks me, "How's your hose?"

It wouldn't have sounded much sweeter if it had been Jessica Lange asking.

How was your hose?

My hose was there, all right. My hose wasn't dead.

You sound surprised.

The irony of all this is that before the opportunity to play with the Cubs arose, I had planned to retire from organized ball. I had given Willie Stargell, who is my age, the chance to hang it up first. I didn't want to steal any of his thunder. This spring I was going to make a simple announcement.

There had been certain telltale signs. For in-

stance, when the slo-pitch softball team that you think you belong to fails to inform you that the season is under way, you begin to wonder. That happened two seasons ago. Then, too, I had doubts about my hose.

The one thing I've had in baseball was an arm from third base. Aside from a tendency to hit, at best, singles to right and on defense to stare off into space, I've been, since Little League, a classic third baseman: too slow to run or to hide. And when the ball bounced off some part of my body, I could pick it up and make that throw. If my hose wasn't out of sorts.

Also, I could never hit slo-pitch softball pitching, which was the only kind I seemed likely to face again. I don't like a pitch that goes way up in the air. When I go to bed at night and either pitch or bat myself to sleep, I see curves, sliders, screwballs and hummers. I can't hit pitching that I never see in my dreams.

You were going to confine yourself to fandom, then?

No, I thought I might go on as a sort of pitcher in the rye. Throwing batting practice to the young. You groove the ball to somebody, and he or she hits it on the nose and you both feel good. And so do people watching. It's like a comedy act. And it's interesting, because you can fail at it. In Scottsdale I threw b.p. to Santo, and I pressed too hard and didn't get the ball where he or I wanted it, and he kept popping it up. I got the feeling he was pressing, too, trying to hit pitches he should've laid off so I wouldn't feel bad. I pressed harder. It was like strained conversation. I wonder whether something like that wasn't going on between the '69 Cubs in the stretch, when they let each other down.

Do you have much experience throwing batting practice?

Ah. At the highest level of serious competition I reached, high school, that was my forte. Somebody once told me he'd run into my old high school coach, Ray Thurmond, who remembered me as a pitcher. I was, of course, a third baseman, but it was at throwing batting practice that I shone. I wore a hole in my right high school baseball shoe throwing b.p. without a pitcher's toe. Those are the spikes I wore against the Cubs.

The shoes of a congenial player, a giving player.

Many people might prefer that their

continued



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Continued



old coach remember them the way Durocher remembers Eddie Stanky, as one of those "scratching, hungry, diving, ball-players who come to kill you."

That's the kind of player I wanted to be. Scrappy. I remember the only time I ever broke up a double play. I was playing intramural softball, in college. Hit the second baseman just right, flpped him up into the air. Didn't hurt him, though. I actually think he enjoyed it, too. This is a terrible thing for someone who pretends to understand serious ball to say, but my deepest desire in sports isn't to win but to share a good time. Maybe that's why

the ball coming down well beyond my grasp—that's their idea of something worthy of comment. What people usually say to me now, if I'm unable to start the conversation off on the right note, is "I hear that you missed a pop-up."

I'm sorry. There are so many other things I wanted to ask you. Like, how did you prepare for the Cubs?

For the first time in my life, I worked out. I hate to work out. You have an angel on one shoulder saying "Go, go, go" and a devil on the other saying "Stop, stop, stop," and there you are in between, bored to death with the whole argument and wallowing in sheer, but not pleasant, kinesthesia.

I like to play ball. A ball takes you out of yourself. Of course, if you miss a ball,



When my public beckoned, I gallantly obliged.



The San City pom-pom gals, ages 58 to 89, were on hand—and head—to perform during our big game.

Durocher seemed outraged at the very sight of me, that day in 1970.

This was the incident that occurred over in foul territory near the third-base dugout, where you missed the pop-up?

I wish you wouldn't keep harping on that pop-up. To me, if I catch a pop-up that goes as high as the Washington Monument, that's news. Or if I hit a ball 350 feet. But to my critics and friends, the idea of me camped not quite under a pop-up, and tilting slightly to the left, and tilting slightly farther to the left, and then

you snap back into yourself pretty quick, but then you have a lot to talk over with yourself. Even while you are out of yourself, you can be narrating semiconsciously. "He can still hit," you can be saying, referring to yourself in the third person. "Ball was in on him but he got that bat head out in front . . ." The main reason I cover sports is so I can keep the vocabulary of my semiconscious narration up-to-date.

Now looming ahead of me was a shot at living that narration. I was there to

write about it, sure, but it meant a lot more to me than that. So, do you know what I did? I lifted weights. Not only do I not like lifting weights, I deplore it. However, a person doesn't get many chances later on in life to whang a well-pitched baseball or to snag a well-hit one. A person doesn't want to come back from such a chance to report to his family, "I was overpowered."

My son has 10-pound dumbbells lying around the house. I started pumping them and swinging them and going through throwing and batting motions with them, and I didn't stop even when my daughter would collapse—her prerogative—an helpless laughter. I also split two cords of firewood down to the biggest pile of kindling in Massachusetts.

When you first encountered the wily hardball in Arizona, how did you feel?

Overpowered.

A hardball is a thing that, when you have not seen one with steam on it in many years, is upon you before you know it. And in the field I was lost in the complexity of hops. Grounders were like log-arithms. Also, I didn't seem to hinge in the same places I used to. And my throwing was so zipless the first day that it moved me to compose a blues song:

I used to have a rifle,

I used to have a gun.

Lord, Lord.

I used to have a rifle,

I used to have a gun.

Now that ball floats over

Like a cinnamon bun.

But you said your hose wasn't dead. Several things happened. One is that

our trainer, Harry Jordan, manipulated my arm and discovered that the tendon over the funny bone had popped out. At least that's what he claimed. He popped it back in. I've never heard of anyone being plagued by funny-bone-tendon problems before, but I know that as he worked, Harry made terrific deep crunching noises in his throat that served to keep some of the fainthearted campers out of the training room altogether, so I'm willing to believe that Jordan was a funnybonologist.

Another thing that kept me going early in camp was my chewing. I was chewing good. I talked chewing on a knowledgeable basis with Jenkins, who bites right into an open can of snuff with his lower front teeth. I could chew with the big boys. I even chewed during aerobics. This helped.

Also, nobody was yelling at anybody. The spirit of Durocher wasn't in the camp. I don't respond to being yelled at. It distracts me from yelling at myself.

Then too, I had all of my clichés working.

I thought sportswriters are supposed to eschew clichés.

Sportswriters, yes. Ballplayers use them to hone their concentration.

I was being interviewed by a TV crew. Most campers were interviewed so many times that they eventually stopped calling their wives to tell them to turn on the VCR.

"Are you feeling the pressure?" I was asked.

"Nah," I lied. "When the bell rings, the juices will flow."

And I spat. Television likes visual touches. If you want to get a statement heard and seen all across the land, remember to spit right after making it.

Then, all of a sudden, I picked up a ball the way the first caveman picked up the first good fist-sized rock. And I felt my hose start to fill with water again. I felt leaner, stronger, springier, glad to have hamstrings. The downside of this was that my pants became even baggier. But I wore a psychic T shirt that said, **PLAYING MYSELF INTO SHAPE.**

And then you went on a tear, right?

No. Then I reached my nadir. I thought I had reached my nadir years ago, several times, but in the very first intrasquad game I hit another new low.

Because I let the guys down. "We are here," Banks had announced one day behind the batting cage, "to ameliorate the classic polarization of the self-motivated individual and the ideology of the group."

Excuse me. Did Banks say things like that often?

Banks said things that came from the Big Arizona Sky. When someone asked him whether he felt he had come along too soon, before the days of astronomical baseball salaries, he said, "No. Wish I'd been born sooner. With the philosophers. Days of Plato, and Socrates, and Alexander Graham Bell." When I asked

er's hand, and you're thinking, 'Time to take a long ride.'"

But don't change the subject. I'm ready to discuss my nadir.

You have a lot of heart as an interviewee, you know that?

Yes, but in the first intrasquad game, I made several plays of the kind that kill infield chatter. Here I was feeling, "Give me Jimmy Stuart and Bob Margolin and Bill Mitchell and Dennis Albano and Wally Pecos (best ballplayer's name in camp) and Dennis Ferrazzano and Tim Tyers and Scott Mermel and George Altomero and Dave Schultz and Steve Heiferman and the Arnold, Crawford and Patti brothers, and I could take on anybody in the world." And what do I do in the first intrasquad game? I drop a line drive hit right at me. A third baseman who can't catch a line drive at his sternum is as dependable as a frog that can't balance on a lily pad. And I let an easy grounder go under my glove. That's like letting a baby's head bob around. And Margolin, who in real life runs a vanity press but is no one's vanity catcher, whips a throw down to nip a guy stealing third, but I don't dig it out of the dirt. In Arizona a lot of thin air can get between a person and the ball—and between a person and his mates, even if they don't yell at you.

And the first time at bat, I dribble into a double play. The next time, Stone is pitching. "Can you hit a curveball?" he asks me.

"No," I say.

He throws me a curveball.

And you miss it?

No. Worse. I take it on the inside corner. And this is what I hear, from Oliver on the other bench: "That's a hanger, Roy." I've just taken a hanger curveball for a strike! What Stone has done is throw me a curve that I could hit. And I took it! That's like Jack Benny giving you a straight line and you saying, "Oh. Excuse me. I wasn't listening."

Like I say, nobody yelled at us campers, but every now and then one of the big-leaguers would give us a quiet, chastening line, like "Got to have that one" or "That's where we need you, big man." The social fabric. The ideology of the group.

The next pitch from Stone isn't a hanger. Not a curve. It's down the pipe. And I go after it. "All right!" I think.

continued

ROY ALTON BLOUNT JR.				
Name pronounced Blunt				
Born Oct. 4, 1941, at Indianapolis, Ind.				
Height depends. Weight depends.				
Times met by neighborhood.				
Hobby—Basing manhood on dogs.				
Attended Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., and Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.				
Year	Club	League	Pos.	R.A.
1959	—	—	OF	56.7
1959	—	—	Leftie	OF 179
1959	—	—	Leftie	3B 320
1964	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1965	—	—	Rightie	1B 21.7
1966	—	—	Rightie	3B 167
1966	—	—	Rightie	3B 24.3
1967	—	—	Region 4-AAA	1B 21.7
1967	—	—	Region 4-AAA	1B 270
1967	—	—	Region 4-AAA	1B 268
1968	—	—	Region 4-AAA	1B 188
1968	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1969	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1970	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1971	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1972	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1973	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1974	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1975	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1976	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1977	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1978	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1979	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1980	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1981	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1982	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1983	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1984	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1985	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1986	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1987	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1988	—	—	(Did not play)	—
1989	—	—	(Did not play)	—
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1999	—	—	(Did not play)	—
2000	—	—	(Did not play)	—
2001	—	—	(Did not play)	—
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2018	—	—	(Did not play)	—
2019	—	—	(Did not play)	—
2020	—	—	(Did not play)	—
2021	—	—	(Did not play)	—
2022	—	—	(Did not play)	—
2023	—	—	(Did not play)	—
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him what would be a thrill for him, comparable to the thrill we campers were getting, he said, "To sing in the Metropolitan Opera."

What Banks most often said was "Veer-untilize yourself hitting a home run!"

"Ernie," said a camper, "I thought we were just supposed to meet the ball, and it would take care of itself."

"No," he said. "It won't. It will not take care of itself. You have to see yourself inside the ball when it is in the pitch-



The ball intersects with my bat about three inches from my hands. It pops weakly to the catcher. I feel as if I've reached out for a proffered ice-cream cone and found it in my armpit. "Well," I think, "I am losing my mind."

That was your nadir?

Yes. It didn't help that I had margarita tongue from the night before.

Ah, I've wondered about the big league night life. What did you do that night?

For one thing, talked to Cardenal about creekus.

What are creekus?

"You know, creekus," Cardenal said. "Little things." He made sawing motions with his arms like a cricket producing sounds. "One time in Chicago I come to the park with my eyes swollen shut. 'Cause I couldn't sleep. 'Cause creekus was in my room all night. So I can't play. And Mike Royko in the paper, ohhh, he got on me.

"And last night in my room? Creekus again. I find seven of them behind the toilet. I kill them all. I go back to bed. I hear more creekus. I turn the light back on. I find five creekus behind the television. I call the desk. 'You got to send the exterminator!' If Royko had been there! I could have shown him creekus!"

But, you came back from that nadir, right?

Let me put it this way. The next evening I'm in the coffee shop. I eat a well-earned sandwich. I sign the check. And there's a place on the check for "comments." So I write, "I went three for five today." There not being much room. I didn't bother to add, "and fielded flawlessly."

What turned you around?

After my nadir, I talked to Stone. He told me about his Cy Young season with Baltimore in 1980, after which he had nothing left. "I threw over 60 percent breaking balls," he said. "I knew it would ruin my arm, but I was winning 15 games in a row. One year of 25 and 7 is worth five of 15 and 15." Before a game, he said, he would take a Perodan if he felt he would need it in addition to the four

aspirin he would routinely take every three innings. And he kept breaking off those hooks.

"Well," I sighed, "your straight one was too tough for me."

"No, that was my forkball," he said.

"Oh!" I said. My heart leapt. "What does it do?"

"Drops off like a spitball and moves in on you. Nobody can hit it."

No wonder you didn't hit it.

Precisely. Not only that, but I'd had a real major league experience. I'd popped

his flame, a single to right off Dr. Harry Soloway is not an enduring achievement, but a solid single is a solid single. Then, off Cardenal, I ground out and single up the middle. Then, off Beckert, I fly to left. I'm pulling the ball!

A portent. For the 350....

Although I don't realize it at the time. But now we get down to the last inning. Bases loaded. Beckert, who has been moving painfully and saying "Now I remember why I retired," wants to get the game over. He's working in and out on

me. This feels like actual baseball. Three and two. Comes in with a high, tight fastball. Too close to take. I foul it back. This is probably a thrill for Beckert, too: a second baseman getting a chance to work on a hitter. He delivers a funny-looking pitch on the outside corner.

And what do you do with it?

Rip it. On a line. But not a straight line. More satisfying than that. A line like a scimitar blade. Over the first baseman's head, and it bites the ground three feet fair. It goes blisteringly on its way, and I say to it, "Burn!"

A double. And such a double! I am most of the way to third when I see the runner ahead of me running toward me. Fortunately, he's heading back toward third, not second. He has become conservative and decided he can't score. But this is such a double that I am able to turn around and go 70 feet back into second standing up. I have hit the equivalent of a triple and a half.

That must have been a thrill.

I'll tell you the thrill. The thrill is what Beckert exclaims.

What does Beckert exclaim?

Beckert exclaims, "How did you hit that pitch?" He turns to Jenkins, who's umpiring. "Slider right on the outside corner!" he says. "And I had

him set up!"

"I was looking for it," I reply.

"That's right!" says Jenkins. "That's a good hitter."

Wow! You were looking for it?

No, I lied. The truth was I had found my strength as a hitter. Which turned out to be very similar to my strength as a defensive back in football—which is that I am too slow to take a fake. My strength as a hitter, I now realize, is that I haven't got



I popped as a player when I hit .320 at the age of 12.

up a forkball. The next day, when we played our next intrasquad game, I was ready.

Would you like to tell us about it?

Single to right off Dr. Harry Soloway, the Chicago shrink who became nationally famous by telling the *Today* show that he wasn't giving any more interviews because the last reporter he talked to called him "the most sneaky ballplayer I have ever seen, man or boy." Except for

sense enough to be set up. Why do you think a person becomes a writer? It's because he can never figure anything out until afterwards. In baseball down through the years I've often been trying, during the seventh inning, to figure out what happened in the fifth. And what happened was that I wasn't paying attention because I was wondering what I did wrong in the third. And what I did wrong in the third was bout one because I was thinking "I've got to concentrate with every fiber of my being. Hmm, interesting phrase. I wonder what all the fibers of my being in concert would look like?" A nice wool shirt?" Oh, those rare great moments in sports when my mind isn't working and my body is!

Another thing I do in this game is throw four guys out with my hose. My mind is a blank then, too.

Did you talk your triple and a half over with Beckert and Jenkins later?

No, not exactly. But I will say this. In my time I'd exchanged various glances with ballplayers. And a major league manager once mistook me for a member of the Hall of Fame. That was when I called Billy Martin on the phone, and hearing my voice, he cried, "Mack? Mack? Is it the Mack?" He thought I was Mickey Mantle. When he realized I wasn't, we were both very disappointed.

But I had never exchanged a glance with a ballplayer that contained any hint that I, too, was a part of the actual ball-playing experience. One time a Venezuelan sportscaster, Juan Vené, and I told Manny Sanguillen, when he was catching for the Pirates, that we had played baseball on opposing press teams.

"Softball?" asked Sanguillen.

"No, hardball."

Sanguillen was one of the most gracious ballplayers I've ever met. But Sanguillen shook his head and said, "You guys?"

That evening in Scotsdale after the second intrasquad game, I exchanged glances with Beckert and Jenkins that, to me—and I am talking in terms of diamond experience now—contained a hint of "us guys."

Tell me. This is another thing I have always wondered about. Do you ballplayers put your punts on one leg at a time, like everybody else?

I can only speak for myself. The answer in my case is, not always. After that

continued



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intrasquad game. I got tired putting one leg on, stopped for a while and worked on the other one.

But you were ready for the big game the next day in Scottsdale Stadium?
Did I tell you I hit a ball 350 feet?
In passing, but tell me more about it.
 I have always gotten on well with vet-

to the plate and realized that the flap covered the wrong ear. I ran back and got a left-eared one. Fan reaction indicated a doubting of my expertise. I dug in.

"Coming right down the middle," said Rudolph, who was catching.

All you selfless, unrecognized batting-practice pitchers out there, keep it up! Your service will be repaid. Someday a veterinarian will lay one in there for you. In practice, Nye had shown me his real 80-mile-per-hour fastball, which I nearly

the '69 Cubs: "I want everybody to hear this! I'm not talking to this guy! I'm not saying a word!"

Just before he disappeared under the stands, he turned and added, "And he knows why!"

I didn't then and don't now. But it got to me. I loved baseball, and Durocher went all the way back through Willie Mays and Coogan's Bluff and the Gas-house Gang to Ruth. I couldn't shake the feeling that there must be something about me that didn't fit into the national pastime.

Did you ever run into Durocher again?

Not until camp week 13 years later. At the banquet after the big game, he took the occasion to make an emotional talk. He confessed why the '69 Cubs folded: "They didn't give me 100 percent."

What a thing to say at this point! Would the man never let up?

"They gave me 140 percent." Ah. The Cubs had pressed. Durocher was conceding that he'd chewed on them too hard.

He also apologized publicly for embarrassing Santo nastily in a celebrated 1971 clubhouse meeting. After the banquet, Durocher and Santo embraced.

Durocher didn't apologize to me. He glared at me once but with no hint of recognition. He had relieved me, however, of one burden. I still don't know what made me anathema, but I do know it wasn't my fault that the Cubs didn't win in '69.

"Winning the pennant that year might have been anticlimactic for the kind of love we had on that team," said emcee Gene Oliver from the podium. However that may be, in 1969 Durocher seems, oddly enough, to have forged a team that couldn't win but did learn how to share a good time.

So you have no complaints?

No complaints? No complaints? What madman built a stadium whose fences are nowhere shorter than 355 feet?

Let me quote to you the testimony of Steve Stone, and also of longtime Chicago baseball writer Richard Dozer, now of *The Phoenix Gazette*, who was as much of an official scorer as we had: "The ball is out in Fenway."

But... the air in Fenway isn't thin.

Yeah, and Hundley's pop-up doesn't go nearly so high, and I catch it and toss it over to Leo.



As things soured back in '68, Hundley got hopping mad and Leo kept charging out to give some lip.

erinarians. Rich Nye, who won 26 games in the big leagues, is now a veterinarian. If I didn't live so far from Des Plaines, Illinois, I'd send my dogs to him. Nye threw me a good pitch to hit.

Every camper got one at bat in the big game. By the time I got up, in the ninth or 10th of many innings, it had become clear that a few winded old Cubs are better than wave after fresh wave of old brokers, law professors and salesmen. The crowd was diminished and restive.

"Representing SPORTS ILLUSTRATED," blared the loudspeaker. "Ray" and a mispronunciation of my last name. I strode to the plate and realized I didn't have on a helmet. I ran back and got one. I strode

hit. This one was a notch slower. Later he said he wished he'd thrown it harder; I would have cleared the fence. But I'll take my 350 feet, and the sound of a crowd that came to scoff and stayed to eat its heart out.

Anything else you'd like to say?

Yeah. I got my longest hit ever against a team managed by Leo Durocher.

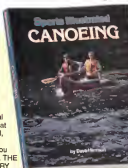
Did I tell you about the first time I met Leo? It was in Scottsdale Stadium in the spring of 1970 that I, a cub reporter, innocently introduced myself to him. And he, standing outside the third-base dugout, pointed his finger at me and began to address, at the top of his lungs, the players who, a few months before, had been

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1982 NFC Championship Game—Down 27-21 with 58 seconds left, the 49ers called time. They had the ball third and three on the Cowboy six.

Photo by Motie Ross, Jr.

"Bob—18!" [Line Coach] McKittrick told Bill Walsh. Sweep right. Walsh shook his head. "We'll pass," he said. "Sprint right option" ... The Cowboys gathered themselves for one last rush. Montana scrambled right. Solomon was covered. Too. Tall Jones and Larry Betha and a blitzing D.D. Lewis were closing in. "I wasn't going to take the sack," he [Montana] said. "I knew he [Dwight Clark] had to be at the back of the end zone. I let the ball go. I got hit and wound up on my back. I heard the crowd screaming." They were screaming ... [for] Clark who climbed the sky wire and came down with six points with 51 seconds left. "It was over my head," Clark said. "I thought, 'Oh oh, I can't go that high.' Something got me up there. It must have been God or something." —*Paul Zimmerman, SI—January 18, 1982*

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

BEHIND THE CAMERA
Sir:

In addition to displaying beautiful women, your annual swimsuit feature has always exhibited some outstanding photography, usually the work of a single photographer. However, this year ("The Fairest Island That Eyes Have Beheld," Feb. 14) you neglected to tell us who the photographer was. Your Contents entry suggested that it was Walter Ioss Jr., but did he take all of the pictures?

HARVEY NATHAN
New York City

● Yes, he did. The credit was inadvertently omitted during the preparation of the final offset printing film.—ED.

FITNESS

Sir:

I have been an avid SI reader for many years, and I consider the article *Hold On There, America* (Feb. 7) by Jerry Karsenbaum and Robert Sullivan one of the most important the magazine has published.

As a physical educator who has worked with children and adults of all ages over the past 13 years, I have witnessed many of the phenomena that were discussed in this excellent piece. I have seen numerous students entering high school who couldn't do a pull-up, a push-up or a sit-up, who were totally inflexible, and who couldn't run one lap around the track without stopping.

Even more appalling to me—and not really dealt with in the article—is the poor motor skills that I see daily in my job. The average high school and junior college students I come in contact with are lacking in the basic skills of running, jumping, moving laterally or backward, etc. They don't know how to fall to protect themselves and thus are much more prone to injuries than they should be. These skills should be taught in our elementary schools before incorrect movement habits become ingrained. By the time these students reach secondary and postsecondary institutions it is very difficult to correct the bad patterns that have been adopted and practiced during their early years.

I recently took my 9-year-old son to our weight room to see how many pull-ups he could do. The answer: two. When he was four, he could do seven. What's happening to my son and to many of his companions in his school isn't their fault. It is the fault of the parents for not demanding better physical education programs in the elementary schools. I, for one, am going to use your article as a basis to improve our local P.E. programs. It has deepened my conviction that

physical education is as important as any other facet of the education curriculum. I hope the article will start getting us back on the right fitness track.

PHIL MAAS
Instructor, Physical Education
College of the Siskiyous
Weed, Calif.

Sir:

I know why youth fitness is a big zero. Part of the reason is emblazoned on the sweat shirt of one of the children pictured hanging from the uneven parallel bar. ATARI, screams the blue and orange emblem. Samuel Taylor Coleridge and my eighth-grade English teacher, John (Get In Your Seats) Ferone, may shudder at my parody, but, "Video, video everywhere, and no one stops to think."

Today's children are not in the playground, they are in game arcades, spending quarters, not to mention mints, on electronic nonsense. Better a sprained wrist from a spill on the soccer field than from a rigorous go at Pac-Man.

JAMES A. LISK
White Plains, N.Y.

Sir:

The article was well done, but the authors neglected to discuss one vital point. In recent years many colleges and universities have abolished any physical education requirement. They moved instead to a more fashionable freedom-of-choice, do-your-own-thing outlook. I think that at times we became so open-minded that our brains fell out.

As a result of this change, we college physical educators no longer see the majority of students who really need a structured exposure to bodily activity; they elect to do nothing toward the further development of a strong cardiovascular system or greater flexibility. We do see a small percentage of students who probably would keep active and at a suitable level of fitness in any case.

We are ignoring the 18- to 22-year-old, and it is a national tragedy that will produce regrettable consequences in the future.

ROBERT A. LATOUR
Coordinator
Department of Physical Education
Bucknell University
Lewisburg, Pa.

Sir:

As the director of the Human Performance Laboratory at Southern Connecticut State University, I strongly support your article. Physical fitness, which also directly contributes to mental health, must be addressed and promoted at every age and economic level. As your authors indicate, learning about fitness,

health and nutrition should be initiated in physical education classes in all schools.

Tax-paying populations should be reminded that professionals in physical education earn a bachelor of science degree. The body of knowledge in sports science has expanded dramatically in the past 10 years. To extend this information to the public, two major changes must be made in response to your article's accurate report: 1) School administrators must fill vacant physical education positions by hiring teachers possessing a solid and up-to-date sports-science background; and 2) sports medicine professionals, including specialized physicians, exercise scientists, researchers, etc., must escape from their ivory towers and stop talking only to one another. We fitness specialists must accept, as part of our professional responsibilities, the fact that we also must be public fitness educators.

JOAN A. FENN, Ph.D.
Hamden, Conn.

SUPER BOWL XVII
Sir:

Thanks to the photographer who brilliantly captured Delphon Fulton Walker's run to Super Bowl glory (*Hail to the Redskins*, Feb. 7). We here in Martinsburg, W. Va., had the best of both worlds in Super Bowl XVII, seeing our favorite son, Walker, do what he does best against our favorite team, the Redskins. If it weren't for that "human diesel" known as John Riggins, the Dolphins might have been victorious, thanks largely to Walker's sensational, record-setting kickoff return.

I'll cherish this classic SI photograph, and I enjoyed Paul Zimmerman's insightful—as usual—writing on a very exciting championship game. And, Dr. Z, although you didn't mention your pregame prediction (*New Names for the No-Names*, Jan. 31), we Redskins fans have not forgotten what it was: First 17, Skins 10. Hail to the Redskins, and Fulton Walker!

SKIP LETH
Martinsburg, W. Va.

Sir:

Granted, John Riggins' playoff work was beautiful to behold, but I'm surprised that an NFL scholar such as Paul Zimmerman could say that Riggins' 136 carries for 616 yards was "probably the heaviest four-game work load for any back in NFL history."

As a part of the Houston Oilers radio broadcast crew in 1980, I was privileged to watch Earl Campbell put together four games in which he rushed 134 times for 740 yards. In fact, he had a six-game streak of 195 carries for 1,076 yards.

That Campbell's average per carry in his

continued

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four-game stint was 5.5 yards, compared to Riggins' paltry 4.5, is, of course, outweighed by the fact that Riggins now has a Super Bowl ring. As a fan and friend of Earl's, I can only hope he'll get at least one for his jewelry case before his career is over.

MARK CRISTANO
Arlington, Texas

Sir:

I remember the first Redskin-Dolphin Super Bowl match and thus must point out one thing: There are two Dolphin players, Bob Kuechenberg and Vern Den Herder, who have been on the team since the Super Bowl championship years of '73 and '74, not just one (Kuechenberg) as you said.

SCOTT J. WHITE
Portland, Dec.

• Right Den Herder, who officially retired from the Dolphins to his cattle ranch near Sioux Center, Iowa after the 1981 season, was persuaded to return to Miami for one more year—his 12th in the NFL—when, just before the 1982 regular-season opener, Coach Don Shula found himself short of backup defensive linemen.—ED

PKA KARATE (AND OTHER) VICTORIES Sir,

Your article on PKA full-contact karate (Not Just a Lot of Kicks, Jan. 24) did justice to an up and coming sport that deserves more credit than it usually receives. Very few athletes have dedicated themselves to their sport as rigorously as Bob (Thunder) Thurman has so far.

However, to set the facts straight, I must point out he has been knocked out more than once, and not just "with a Coke bottle in a bar." At times Thurman has trained in boxing with a brawler named Gary Shull. While sparring, Shull once sent Thunder to the canvas—lights out. This is not to slight Thurman, because Shull's knockdown victims include not only Thurman but also a fighting bear. And in the novice heavyweight finals of the 1968 Kansas City Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions, Shull won a decision over John Riggins, now the fullback of the Washington Redskins.

HAL EDWARDS
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

As a fight fan, I was astonished to learn in your recent article on PKA full-contact karate that the sport has such an excellent safety record. Some of the reasons for this are given by Referee Jay T. Will, but I also noted that many of the safety rules only now being discussed for boxing—after too many deaths—have long been in place for the PKA fighters. Also, the PKA seems to act as a national regulator of both major and minor fights. Perhaps Don and Judy Quine from show business could help the WBA, the WBC and the boxing commissions to make their sport safer. Have the boxing people ever thought to ask

them? Or are they just going to discuss it among themselves until the heat is off?

JEFF JOINTS
Venice, Calif.

NOTRE DAME HOCKEY Sir,

While lamenting the passing of Notre Dame hockey (SCORECARD, Feb. 7), you disparaged the members of the Central Collegiate Hockey Association when you said that Notre Dame "shifted the team from the big-time Western Collegiate Hockey Association to a 'big league' in which a didn't have to fly to away games." Do you mean to imply that the CCHA is bush-league because its teams travel by bus?

To enlighten you, along with the Irish, Michigan State, Michigan and Michigan Tech left the WCHA to join the CCHA and Iron travel expenses. I don't imagine such distant WCHA teams as North Dakota or the University of Denver were heartbroken to see away games at Ann Arbor, South Bend or Houghton, Mich. eliminated from their athletic budgets, either.

As for the CCHA, check out the WMPL (Radio Station WMPL of Houghton) college hockey poll for the week of Jan. 31. It listed three CCHA teams in the Top 10: Bowling Green (No. 2), Michigan State (No. 5) and Ohio State (No. 9).

Notre Dame will leave intercollegiate hockey if it must, but the CCHA shouldn't suffer insults from you because of it. It's a fine league in which tough-spirited hockey is played before appreciative crowds.

R. DONALD PARSONS
Jackson, Mich.

Sir:

Three cheers for Notre Dame. The efforts of the Irish athletic department to restore some sanity to college athletics should be applauded and encouraged, not criticized.

What possible justification is there for granting athletic scholarships to athletes who participate in a sport that does not produce revenue sufficient to pay for those scholarships? The original purpose of college athletics was to provide an outlet for the students. Admittedly, football and basketball have gone far beyond this for reasons tied to the popularity of those sports. I have no argument with that. But please note that Notre Dame is not eliminating its hockey program. By putting hockey on the club level, the school is simply returning the sport to the student body, where it and the other non-revenue-producing sports belong. Next year Notre Dame's hockey team will truly represent the university. My only question is: Why, Father Hesburgh, did you stop with the hockey program?

LEON WAHLBERG
Eldon, Mo.

IN DEFENSE OF KRIEK

Sir:

Judging by comments made in 19TH HOLE (Jan. 31), I think many of your readers com-

pletely missed the point of your feature story on Johan Kriek (*I'm an Animal Out There*, Jan. 17). I didn't get the impression that he is "overpaid, spoiled or otherwise immature" just because he makes a good living playing tennis and can afford some of the world's best toys. Quite to the contrary, Kriek sounds as though he is intelligent enough not to take himself too seriously. Sure, if he let tennis become the focus of his entire being, he might be No. 1, but Kriek knows the game is not the axis upon which the world spins.

He can make a good living playing when he wants to, he obviously finds time to expand his mind, read a few books, involve himself in other interests and grow as a person. That's a lot better human being in my book than someone who is so narrow that he defines the human condition by how well someone hits a backhand. Give me a Kriek any day.

JEAN-CLAUDE LECHAT
South Burlington, Vt.

ARKANSAS' JOE KLEINE Sir,

Regarding your article *Brother, Can They Smother* (Jan. 24), my brother, Joe Kleine, didn't leave Notre Dame for a superficial, selfish reason like "not getting the ball enough." Joe made that very difficult decision only after he discussed its most fundamental aspects with numerous people who were familiar with the entire situation, including Notre Dame classmates, Notre Dame teammates, Notre Dame boosters and his family. Joe reluctantly concluded that for many reasons he did not fit Notre Dame's obviously successful basketball system.

Joe hopes and feels he can develop as a Razorback, and he's proud and happy to be at Arkansas. But no one is mad, no one is to blame. Our whole family does, and will, support Notre Dame—unless, of course, Notre Dame plays Arkansas.

ROBERT MICHAEL KLEINE
Kansas City, Mo.

McGOWAN'S COMMENTS Sir:

In the Dec. 6 issue of *SL*, in an article on Elaine Zayak (*Flight of the Bumble Bee*) Bob Deum quoted from an article of mine in the European magazine *Ice and Roller Skate* and stated that my "comment was aimed at ABC in general and Peggy Fleming in particular." This is not true. I have found ABC Television's figure skating coverage to be first-rate, with superb, knowledgeable and *fun* commentary by Jan McKay, Dick Button and, in particular, Peggy Fleming.

ALEX MCGOWAN
Redwood City, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to THE EDITOR, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Here's to more gin taste.

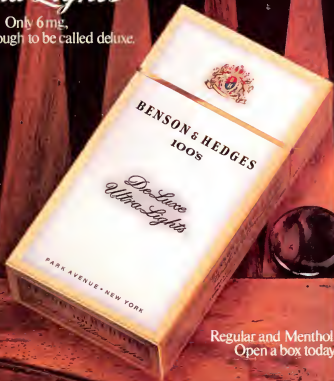


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